Teddy vs. Jimmy
John Osborne

Brothers Mann
Harry Levin

FDR Revised
Ronald Steel

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TRB

from Washington
May 19, 1979

Last Chance

Very shortly now we shall get the complete SALT II agreement, and America will plunge into the most emotional issue of modern times. It will be a unique situation where the world's top powers, despite mutual loathing, try to put cooperation before incineration. Ratification may come but chances of success, I think, have been reduced by the long delay.

Russia is now governed by the oldest group of rulers of any big state and one problem is to prop up ailing Leonid Brezhnev long enough for him to sign the document. Russia's Marxist theology has not converted the world as Moscow expected; it has few if any real friends; China is now an outright enemy; ethnic groups have begun to outnumber the ruling Slavs; Russia's technology is backward; its agriculture crude; its petroleum giving out—it badly needs trade and know-how. But it has power. Since 1960 the Soviet Union has put increasing sums into arms till the ratio is now 13 to 15 percent of its gross national product, or about three times our ratio. It has reached rough equivalency to America.

If the United States ratifies the treaty it will be an acknowledgment of Soviet military parity which goes against the American grain and is almost unbearable for the hawks. Their attitude is still that we are doing a favor to Moscow by ratifying, and that we deserve extra concessions in return. They may well prevail in the Senate, where each "No" vote counts twice, under the constitutional requirement of a two-thirds majority to ratify a treaty. That's what killed the League of Nations 60 years ago.

What happens if the Senate rejects? State Department adviser on Russia Marshall Shulman says enormously complicated new weapons systems are now coming on line and that they can only be stopped by SALT. Mr. Carter is accused of lacking passion but I thought I detected it in his New York speech to the Publishers Association. If SALT fails, he said, "the most intransigent and hostile elements of the Soviet power structure would be encouraged and strengthened." He continued: "The issue is whether we will move ahead with strategic arms control or resume a relentless arms competition. That is the choice we face—between an imperfect world with SALT II and an imperfect, and more dangerous, world without it."

Republican Senate leader Howard Baker, however, says he is tilting against SALT; the conservative attitude is hardening. One develops a sixth sense about trends in Washington. The ratio of anti-SALT to pro-SALT articles is four to one in what members put into the "Extension of Remarks" appendix at the back of the *Congressional Record*. Here retired Marine general Krulak demands whether we "are content to risk just being equal" with Russia—Russia which is aided by its "immense network of agents in the United States." Here is an excerpt from the "American Institute of Economic Research" (whoever they are) which sees "a turning point devastating to the Western World." And here Representative Symms, Republican of Idaho, inserts the lead article from the current *Reader's Digest*.

The *Digest* boasts that it is read by 20 to 30 million Americans; the article is a straight-out attack on "The Fateful Illusions of SALT II." It reaches more people than Carter does. Included is a piece by former under secretary of state Eugene Rostow. SALT, he says, means "American acquiescence in the Soviet drive for overwhelming military superiority"; we have just one "last chance," he says, to save ourselves.

The hardest thing in the debate now opening, perhaps, is to visualize just what an atomic bomb does and what a nuclear war means. Even now these terms are mostly abstractions. Over in England General Sir John Hackett and a crew of military men have tried to explain the matter in an apocalyptic book, *The Third World War: August 1985*, just published here by Macmillan, and inevitably destined for Hollywood. Russia, you see, has invaded Western Europe and has been stopped cold (with America's help). No bombs yet, but now the Kremlin is going to signal its continued determination by sending over one ballistic missile. (The book is as technical as *Jane's Fighting Ships*, but this one chapter leaps out.)

Yes, here we are in the main control room of the early warning station on the Yorkshire moors when an alert comes from Greenland at 1005 hours that one of our warning satellites over the Indian Ocean has detected a launch. All the Allies' hypersensitive auditory and visual mechanisms around the world are instantly alert; suddenly the radar confirms it, a single missile has soared out of the atmosphere into space. The computer calculates its trajectory at once: it is suborbital with 353 seconds to impact. One of the plotters calls out "impact somewhere in UK, sir." Seconds later a luminous green circle with a cross in the middle appears on the cathode ray map of the British Isles. They gasp. "It's Birmingham—repeat, Birmingham." Others acknowledge the grim news "in the disciplined and mechanical way in which they have been conditioned for so long to think the unthinkable."

Two hundred seconds, 100, 50—the missile detonates two miles above the city. Within a fraction of a second the fireball, with temperatures approaching those of the sun, reaches down on the city with a flash seen in London, a hundred miles away. The heat burns off clothing; and on the river the varnish on the boats bubbles.

Blast follows heat-wave; it crushes all buildings below it leaving a leveled mountain of rubble. It moves out from the center, with winds traveling close to the speed of sound. Thus, in 60 seconds there is an enormous mushroom cloud, an obliterated city (still burning), and, of two million people, 300,000 dead; 250,000 near death, and another 500,000 with lesser injuries. (Radiation is not "extraordinarily high" because of the altitude of the explosion.)

That's what one nuclear warhead does! In the fictional account the Allies promptly take out Minsk in retaliation for Birmingham, and the 1985 war ends in three weeks. And President Carter? In his speech in New York he noted that SALT II limits the US and Russia to 2250 nuclear weapons each. That's enough weapons to destroy all cities of either country twice over. Maybe SALT III will go further.

Correction: The great stock market crash occurred 50, not 60 years ago as stated inadvertently here last week.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

May 19, 1979

The Permanent Campaign

With the Tory victory in this month's parliamentary elections, and the ascension of Margaret Thatcher as prime minister, Great Britain becomes a laboratory test for all the dubious neoconservative theories of economics and taxation that have captivated former liberals and traditional reactionaries on both sides of the Atlantic. It is as if a Jack Kemp with brains were elected president of the United States, with Irving Kristol and Arthur Laffer at his side and a working majority in both houses of Congress. Thatcher styles herself a true "new" conservative: a promoter of the capitalist values of hard work and individual initiative, rather than a protector of ancient privilege. Britain, long the symbol for many of the follies of social democracy, has decided to change its image.

Despite our foreboding about the new path the British have chosen, there is something bracing about the sight of a democratic society being offered, and making, a clear ideological choice—and doing so in just three weeks. By contrast there is something wearying about the sight of a dozen different presidential campaigns already bustling a year and a half before the next American election, none motivated by a clear vision of how things ought to be done differently.

In this country politics has become a substitute for ideology, rather than an expression of it. For politicians, their expanding network of advisers and consultants and the press, the perpetual campaign provides a welcome diversion from the need to understand and make painful decisions about difficult issues. The simultaneous devaluation and expansion of politics led President Carter recently to endorse that "good government" hardy perennial, the six-year single term for presidents. He complained that no matter how hard he tries to "ignore politics," people and the news media always suspect that his actions are part of a "campaign ploy" and not "genuinely done . . . in the best interest of our country." The notion that a vision of what is in the best interest of our country should be the *essence* of politics appears to be lost.

Several factors have combined to make this traditional American failing worse in recent years. One is the growth of a new industry, that of professional political consultants. Pollsters, filmmakers, experts on mass mailings, specialists in buying media time and general imageologists all have incorporated and offered themselves for hire to candidates. These operators and their organizations are permanent floating entities, not attached to any particular candidate and usually only vaguely located on the political spectrum. As soon as one campaign is over, they hire out to a new one; to get the pollster or media consultant you want, and to deny that person's services to your potential competitors, you must make your arrangements as early as possible.

The post-Watergate campaign reform laws have made the professionalization of political campaigns

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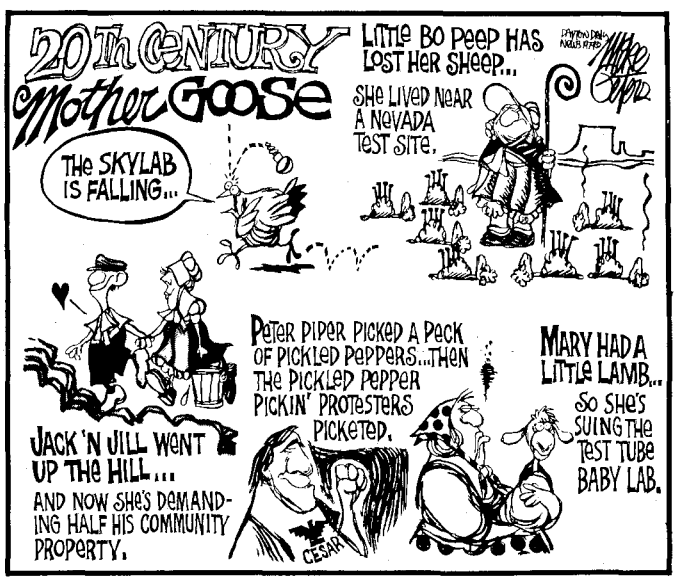
much worse. As a result they have lengthened the campaigns while purging them even further of substance. The limits on individual contributions have placed a premium on expertise in mail solicitation and other skills formerly regarded as non-political, such as organizing rock concerts. The complexity of the regulations makes people who understand campaigning more valuable to a candidate than people who understand economics or foreign policy. And compliance with the regulations requires a long lead time and distracts candidates from what ought to be more important.

The press coverage of American politics also contributes to the permanent campaign. Political reporters, like political consultants, understand and love the campaigning aspects of politics, but remain largely ignorant of political substance. Note, for example, the amount and prominence of newspaper space spent reporting the dispute between President Carter and Senator Kennedy over the merits of Carter's windfall oil profits tax, and analyzing the political (i.e., campaign) implications of this dispute. Compare this to the space spent explaining and analyzing the merits of the tax itself. For many political reporters, issues are merely the playing field on which the game of politics is performed. Instead of boning up on the causes of inflation and the options for national health policy, they are shuttling up to New Hampshire. The day after one election they are speculating about who will run against whom the next time. Politicians naturally are happy to feed their curiosity.

The people who run the election machinery in the various states have obligingly arranged to make sure that politicians and their entourages of advisers and journalists are not all dressed up with no place to go. They have observed the attention and money that can come to a state by being thought to have an "early" or a "key" primary. A new twist is the early caucus, based on Iowa's public relations triumph in assigning its 1976 Democratic convention delegates the third week in January. The state of Florida, which already has one of the earliest primaries, decided this month to have caucuses, too, in *November*—a full year before the election. In order to avoid making the primary superfluous, the caucuses will be non-binding. But Floridians hope to get a lot of attention from candidates and their camp followers as a result of this "first," and we suspect they won't be disappointed.


20TH CENTURY Mother Goose
THE SKYLAB IS FALLING...
LITTLE BO PEEP HAS LOST HER SHEEP...
SHE LIVED NEAR A NEVADA TEST SITE.
JACK 'N JILL WENT UP THE HILL...
AND NOW SHE'S DEMANDING HALF HIS COMMUNITY PROPERTY.
PETER PIPER PICKED A PECK OF PICKLED PEPPERS...THEN THE PICKLED PEPPER PICKIN' PROTESTERS PICKETED.
MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB...
SO SHE'S SUING THE TEST TUBE BABY LAB.
CESAR
drawing by Mike Peters

President Carter is the perfect result of the permanent campaign. His former speechwriter James Fallows called Carter's "the passionless presidency." A different way of making the same point would be to say that the Carter presidency is unideological. Carter sincerely wants what's good and right and true, but he has no strong feeling about what that might be. His closest associates know everything about how to become president and nothing about why one should want to be president. They have been campaigning now full time for five consecutive years.

A Sense of Urgency

When you see TV films of Vietnamese boat people, crowded to the gunwales, risking their lives aboard leaky craft to escape to freedom, and when you hear that a hundred or so refugees have drowned because Malaysia or some other Asian country forced a refugee boat back out to sea, your conscience may be eased a bit by knowing that the US has agreed to take in 7000 Vietnamese and Cambodians a month. There are 32,000 arriving in camps every month, true, but at least the US is doing something. Right?

Well, write your representative and your senator quickly. Because of congressional snafus, the US is running out of money to take refugees in. In April and May, this country was forced to cut back its refugee inflow to 5000. The money runs out completely at the end of this month, and it looks as if the United States won't be able to take in anyone in June, and maybe July unless Congress acts fast. During those months, good weather probably will swell the number of people trying to flee, and the failure of war-torn Cambodia's rice crop will add to the torrent.

There is no obvious villain in this situation, except perhaps the government of Vietnam. The Soviet Union is adding to the US refugee-handling burden by deciding, for political reasons relating to SALT and trade, to increase the number of Jews it is allowing to emigrate. Five thousand a month now are moving to holding areas in Italy, awaiting resettlement. Of these, about a third decide to emigrate to Israel, and most of the rest want admission to the United States. The refugee population in Italy has grown from 5000 to 14,000, and

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Correspondence

Railroad blues

To the editors:

As founder of the National Association of Railroad Passengers and as head of that group from 1967 through 1974, I offer a few comments on your lead editorial of April 21, "A Subsidy for Sentiment." Basically, I believe that you have erred in equating the case against Amtrak, which is strong, with the case against the passenger train, which is weak.

Unlimited expansion of highways, airports and parking facilities will seriously damage the environment in terms of land occupation, air pollution and noise levels. These concerns have forced curtailment of expressway and jetport construction in many parts of the country. Hence there is an urgent need for an alternative to exclusive reliance on air and highway transportation.

Modern passenger trains are less polluting than automobiles, and much quieter than jets. Very little new right-of-way will be needed for modernization of train service, and the cost of upgrading existing tracks will in most cases be more economical than building new expressways. Moreover, modern trains are relatively more energy-efficient than autos or planes. While buses have favorable economic/environmental/energy characteristics, they must share the highways with autos and are not inherently attractive to travelers.

Despite its dismal performance overall, Amtrak has demonstrated that Americans will ride trains in large numbers when good service is provided. The *New Republic*, like everyone else, concedes that is true in the Northeast Corridor. Improved and expanded Amtrak service between Los Angeles and San Diego has produced a spectacular increase in ridership. A few years ago the same thing happened after relatively modest improvements in Chicago-Detroit service. If trains can compete in "auto-culture" hotbeds like Michigan and Southern California, they can do so elsewhere over comparable distances.

What must be done to bridge the chasm between the trains that Amtrak is currently offering us and the trains we can and should have? Sufficient capital funding must be provided to upgrade tracks for fast and dependable service; a near-term goal should be start-to-stop averages of 70 MPH. High-cost obsolete repair, maintenance and servicing facilities must be modernized. As politically difficult as it may be, the government must face up to the problem of wasteful labor practices mandated by labor agreements, and take effective action to eliminate it. Government must also obtain the full cooperation of the various private railroad companies with publicly-sponsored passenger operations. A larger portion of available resources should be concentrated on short-to-medium distance routes in densely populated areas.

When Amtrak was formed in 1970, some advocates of modern passenger trains, most notably Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island, argued that a single entity operating an integrated national network was not an appropriate institutional arrangement for rail passenger service, since the major role for trains would be within distinct megalopolitan regions. Serious consideration should now be given to abolishing Amtrak and replacing it with several separate regional entities. A limited amount of long-distance service, aimed specifically at the tourist-vacation market, could be provided through direct arrangements between DOT and the operating railroads.

Anthony Haswell
Chicago, Illinois

Defending Rogerians

To the editors:

Mr. Lasch says some things which are clearly not true and he misses the mark on many occasions in his review and commentary on Carl Rogers (*TNR*, March 31).

When Mr. Lasch says Rogers is the founding father of the "human potential movement" and the "encounter group" he is wrong. Blame for that goes to other psychologists, i.e. to the Neo-Freudians, especially A. Maslow (*On Being Human*), to the Neo-Reichians, especially the Gestalt Therapists, and to the therapeutic entrepreneurs such as at Esalon, but most importantly to the incredible ingestion of billions of cubic feet of marijuana gas by these entrepreneurs. Actually most Rogerians opposed the irresponsible encounter group.

When Mr. Lasch says, "... the nondirective approach to moral education and child rearing ... legitimates the abdication of familial, educational and religious authority ...," he is clearly wrong again. The rogerian approach demands an examination of this authority in the Socratic tradition, not its abdication.

Mr. Lasch distorts the Skinner debates by not properly stating that the debates take place on Skinner's turf, i.e. that most large psychology departments are dominated by behaviorists, as the medical approach to psychiatry is dominated by the pharmaceutical industry and the Freudians. Rogers is forced by the intense professional competition to debate in circumstances wherein scientific positivism is always the major premise. If the Freudians, Skinnerians and others came to Rogers's turf they would be called upon to argue from a position wherein human dignity was the major premise.

The reason for Mr. Lasch's so often missing of the mark becomes clear when he says of the Rogerians that their commitment to democracy is "sincere but largely rhetorical." It is apparent Mr. Lasch has not had real experience with Rogerians. Whenever I have seen them in action the reverse was true; they were very low on rhetoric and very democratic in practice.

If Mr. Lasch will take the time to be attentive to the Rogerian movement he will find the major emphasis is on listening. You might say Carl Rogers is a master of listening, and that listening is a subject best often taught non-directly. Listening's intentional direction is open-ended and its companion in action is reflection and thinking.

Douglas A. Uraneck
South Portland, Maine

Crums

To the editors:

Knowing of conservative columnist John Osborne's admiration of Richard Nixon, I shouldn't have been surprised that he characterized certain unidentified anti-nuclear energy advocates as "crums who've been looking for a cause since the end of the Vietnam war" ("Something Out There," *TNR*, April 28). Nixon hated the "bums" who protested Vietnam, and Osborne appears to have the same aversion for

(*continued on page 38*)

To our readers:
Please, please, *please* hold your letters to 200 words or so and type them (double spaced) if you possibly can. The editors and typesetters thank you very much.

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the US will have to stop taking more Jewish refugees during June and July, too. The crowding will cause resentment in Italy, as it does in a far more tragic way in Asian countries to which boat people flee.

Funds to handle refugee processing and transportation are being blocked not purposefully, but out of an absence of a sense of urgency. The administration has submitted a supplemental appropriation to cover refugee costs for the rest of the year. There is every prospect that the money will be approved and the refugees will arrive eventually. But instead of passing a special urgent funding bill for refugees, the House Appropriations Committee has decided to combine it with all other supplemental money requests, and pass them as a package. That is expected to occur by the end of May, if the schedule does not slip. If the Senate then holds hearings on the whole package, it could be weeks before refugee funding is resumed. The best course is for the House to keep to its schedule, and for the Senate immediately to break off the refugee appropriation and pass it quickly.

In a way, the funding problem is technical. The same number of refugees will arrive this year whether Congress acts fast or slowly. However, delays will produce new crowding and agony in already cramped refugee camps in Thailand, Malaysia, Hong Kong and Indonesia, and will increase the danger that one of these countries will force leaky boats out to sea.

White House Watch

Teddy Who?

A piece of the advice given Jimmy Carter on how to win nomination and reelection in 1980 is, ignore Senator Edward M. Kennedy and all the speculation about what he's up to. The advice is based in part on a study of the mistakes that barely kept Gerald Ford from defeating Carter in 1976. One of the mistakes cited in the study is that Ford and his people were so preoccupied with bluffing Ronald Reagan out of trying for the Republican nomination that they never prepared to meet the challenge when he did go for the nomination. Ford at this stage let himself be driven so far to the right that in the general election campaign he was unable to meet Carter's challenge from the center and left. As it is summarized to me and presumably appears in a how-to-win-again memo to Carter and a few associates by his White House staff chief, Hamilton Jordan, the advice in essence is as follows:

> *Instead of spending all our time worrying about this governor, or this senator, or that congressman, let's just get ready for a challenge. It's almost a certainty that Governor Jerry Brown of California will run against the President for the nomination. A scenario could be developed that Senator Kennedy may run. But let's believe his statements that he has no intention of running and that he will not run. The most important thing that Carter and we can do for reelection is for him to be a successful President and to be perceived as a successful President. So let's concentrate on that.*

Jordan and his associates at the White House, the Democratic National Committee and the new Carter-Mondale Presidential Committee cannot ignore Kennedy. They ponder and argue over every word of his that could be supposed to indicate his 1980 intentions. His words on this subject deserve pondering and may make more trouble for him than he seems to realize. His press spokesman, Tom Southwick, said April 27 that Kennedy could be quoted as saying: "I believe that President Carter will run for reelection, he will be renominated and reelected, and I will support him." In an interview with Robert Scheer of the *Los Angeles Times*, printed at deadening length April 19, Kennedy said in several answers that are condensed here: "I am going to support the President. I am not going to run. *I am not going to be a candidate.* [My emphasis.] I deal in the realities of the situation and I think the realities of the situation are that Carter is going to be a candidate, he is going to run, and I think he will be successful." In an exchange that went to suppositions at the White House and in other Democratic quarters that Kennedy might go for the nomination in order to keep Governor Jerry Brown of California from getting it, Scheer asked Kennedy, "If Carter is challenged by Brown in the primaries, will you support the President?" Kennedy answered, "Yes, I intend to support the President."

Estimates of Carter's 1980 prospects by White House, DNC and campaign committee officials are pocked with "If Teddy doesn't get into it" qualifications and the invariable disclaimer that the officials just don't know whether or not Kennedy intends to go for the nomination. What I know, after reading every available texted remark by him on the subject, is that if he is positioning himself for the nomination and intends to run for President, he is a liar. If he is positioning himself to enter the 1980 race only if someone unacceptable to Kennedy—Jerry Brown, for instance—seems likely to do Carter out of the nomination, he will inevitably be accused of lying. *Lying*—is that all he may be taxed with? Not all, of course. In a fortnight of conversations with pro-Carter and anti-Carter Democratic pros, Chappaquiddick and the death of the girl that Kennedy left to drown in his car beneath that bridge have never been mentioned. That horror is not forgotten, as I know from conversations with unforgetting citizens, but it does not come up anymore among Washington pols. I will, in spades, if Kennedy gets into the 1980 race and his Republican opponent is counseled by somebody like the late Murray Chotiner, my favorite political goon who just about created Richard Nixon. Ronald Reagan

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wouldn't need a Chotiner. He is his own Chotiner. Many people forget such things. Teddy Kennedy, like his late father and his assassinated brothers a graduate of Massachusetts and Boston and Irish-American politics, cannot forget such things. He cannot overlook the certainty that if he went for the Presidency he would be taxed remorselessly with Chappaquiddick.

Members of Kennedy's Senate staff in Washington emphasize the extent of his support for Carter and Carter administration policies. Much of that support is ignored or minimized in the media. How often do you read in newspapers or hear on the air, for instance, that Teddy Kennedy is with Jimmy Carter on SALT, airline and trucking deregulation, reform of the US criminal code, legislative rather than executive charters for domestic and foreign intelligence agencies? You don't read or hear much about it partly because so many of Kennedy's supporting positions are qualified by ifs and buts that newspaper reporters limited for space or radio-TV reporters limited in air time, and all of them limited in patience and knowledge, don't bother to fool around with. He may be with the administration on an upcoming FBI statutory charter if his discussions with Attorney General Griffin Bell and others at the Justice Department produce a bill either acceptable to him or reconcilable with his desire for limitations on FBI surveillance. He may be with the administration on deregulation of the trucking industry if the Carter bill, delayed in order to avoid irritating the Teamsters Union and the industry while they are negotiating a new contract, is as close as he wants to his own proposals. One gathers that he really wants to out-do the administration and hog credit for any substantial deregulation while letting Carter take the heat from truckers and drivers who are protected by present regulation.

Saul Friedman of the Knight-Ridder newspaper chain checked 21 recent Kennedy votes and found that Kennedy was with the administration on 18 of them. On currently hot and spectacular issues, though—some energy questions and national health insurance, for instance—and overall attitudes toward the budget priority to be accorded social programs for the poor, the old, the racially and otherwise disadvantaged, Kennedy depicts himself as being for that vast and generally undefined mass of *them* and depicts Carter as being against or at best inadequately for *them*. Behind the show of mutual amiability, this delights his people and galls Carter people.

The goading and the irritation surfaced April 30 in one of Kennedy's remarks in a speech in New York and Carter's reaction to the remark at a press conference in Washington. The exchange had to do with Kennedy's opposition to the gradual decontrol of domestic crude oil prices and the level of supplementary ("windfall") taxation of oil company profits that Carter proposed April 5. The fuss, summarized here in briefest form, illuminates the Carter and Kennedy operations and media performance.

Kennedy declared his opposition to decontrol of domestically produced crude oil prices in a speech last January 9. He overstated his reiteration of that opposition at separate meetings in March with White House domestic policy adviser Stuart Eizenstat, White House lobbyist Dan Tate and Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal. Jim Cubie, Kennedy's staff energy specialist, told Tate after the first meeting on March 12 that Kennedy continued to be against decontrol. Press Secretary Jody Powell, denying that Kennedy had personally stated his opposition, and the media got that first meeting with Kennedy alone mixed up with a later meeting that Eizenstat and Blumenthal had with a group of senators, Kennedy among them. Kennedy overstated what he'd said at the group meeting. Carter in his April 5 energy speech and time and after time in later statements exaggerated the impact of what he persistently called his "windfall profits tax." It's an excise tax—on income and profits, yes, but deductible from a company's taxable income and therefore less onerous than a straight addition to income tax would be. The misunderstanding, mainly caused by the discrepancy between Carter's rhetoric and his administration's arithmetic, brought the President's credibility into question and rubbed nerves raw at the White House. Kennedy must or should have known all this when he said in New York that the oil industry, which Carter professed to be fighting, had "intimidated the administration into throwing in the towel" on decontrol and "into submitting a token windfall tax which is no more than a transparent figleaf over the vast new profits the industry will reap."

Wire service reports of this slap at Carter clacked over White House news tickers just before Carter walked from his White House office to the press conference in an adjoining building. Powell either quoted or showed—he doesn't remember which—the reports to the President and got the impression that Carter was genuinely astonished and disbelieving. Carter's mild, faintly sardonic air when he answered a question about Kennedy's statement at the press conference caused Powell to conclude that the President had reflected on the way over that the quotation was probably correct and that he'd better minimize his suspicion that it was correct. He did so at media expense. He said: "That's just a lot of baloney. I really can't believe that Senator Kennedy said this unless the phrases were taken out of context." Tom Southwick, Kennedy's spokesman, crisply and immediately said the phrases were not taken out of context. Then and the next day, after an outwardly cordial meeting with Carter at a White House reception, Kennedy restated his opposition to Carter's decontrol policy and oil tax.

Specific issues apart, talk about Kennedy and his impact on Carter's problems and prospects for 1980 at the White House and at Democratic party centers in

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Washington comes down to this. Assume that Teddy isn't lying about his present intentions. He said it in 1968, in 1972, 1976, and he was telling the truth then. Why not now? After all, 1984 would in many respects be a better year for him. He clearly is moving himself to the left of Carter, building his position with disillusioned liberal Democrats, situating himself to move in next year if Carter is mortally wounded or mortally wounds himself or if some twerp like Jerry Brown seriously imperils Carter and the Democratic party before the 1980 convention. Teddy is having a wonderful time, doing what anybody else in his unique position would do. So relax. Don't worry. Don't waste energy that could better be devoted to Jimmy's reelection. If Teddy does move in next year, it will be only if Jimmy is a lost President and cause.

So they say.

John Osborne

On the Hill

Spending Money

When the public hearings on his possible censure opened in the Senate two weeks ago, Herman Talmadge came out swinging. He had kept quiet as the hearings approached, leading the ethics committee to think he might not even attend, much less speak up. But on the first day, April 30, his lawyer rose and turned the floor over to a "great attorney from Georgia," none other than Talmadge. The senator offered no apologies, minced no words. His speech was that of an innocent man victimized by devious underlyings, one who could not stand by and see his good name besmirched. Three of the supposed offenses were "trivial," he said, the product of tedious "nitpicking." One was due to nothing more serious than "inadvertence and confusion." And the last was groundless, resting on the testimony of a "proven liar, cheat and embezzler," his former trusted aide. Herman Talmadge, on the other hand, was a distinguished public servant "who has held the trust of his colleagues and his constituents for 23 years—a senator who would not have jeopardized his career, betrayed his colleagues and abused the trust of his beloved state of Georgia for any reason, let alone for a few dollars."

Talmadge is no stranger to such hearings, having been around the last time the Senate voted to censure a member. That was 1967, when Democrat Thomas Dodd of Connecticut got himself in trouble for misusing campaign funds. Among the 92 senators who voted to censure Dodd was Herman Talmadge, who now thinks senators shouldn't be allowed to make such judgments about their colleagues.

The evidence that got Talmadge in trouble began to emerge last summer during his divorce proceedings. Most likely none of the evidence against him would have come to light if he hadn't decided in 1974 to divorce his wife Betty (who learned about his decision on the television news, while her husband sat reading in the next room). During the suit, Mrs. Talmadge's lawyers noticed that in all the years from 1970 through 1976, Talmadge cashed only two checks, totaling $600. When they asked him where he got his spending money, Talmadge said he didn't know. But when reporters began quizzing him, Talmadge remembered that for years his constituents had been foisting small gifts of five to 20 dollars on him. "Wherever I go [in Georgia] people entertain me, lodge me, give me small amounts of money," he said. "They come up and say they know I have a lot of expenses back in Washington and they want to help me." Talmadge, a millionaire, didn't need the gifts but presumably was far too polite to rebuff such generosity. In fact, he sometimes went out of his way to provide opportunities for his friends to indulge their charitable impulses. Since 1946 he has been honored at an annual birthday dinner at his estate in Lovejoy, Georgia. (The party was moved to an Atlanta hotel last year because his ex-wife got the estate in the divorce settlement.) At these occasions, donations of $25 per person or $40 per couple were collected to cover catering and a "birthday check" for the senator. The *Washington Post* reported last year that from 1971 to 1977 these checks to Talmadge added up to more than $10,000. Talmadge paid no taxes on either the birthday checks or the cash he got from his constituents, since they were gifts. Nor did he report any of them in his annual Senate financial reports, except for birthday gifts of $1600 and $2000 in 1973 and 1974. Senators are supposed to report any gifts of $50 or more from one source, but Talmadge figured each birthday party guest contributed only a couple of dollars.

As last summer wore on and the press grew increasingly thirsty for the blood it smelled, some of Talmadge's other unconventional practices came to light. Talmadge's memory proved quite unreliable concerning a parcel of land that he had bought in 1967 and put in his wife's name. In the divorce suit he listed the investment as a gift to her, but later decided he had only intended for her to hold it in trust for him. The Georgia Supreme Court agreed that it was in fact a trust, overlooking Herman's forgetfulness in neglecting to list it among his holdings in his Senate financial reports. He had also let his wife pay the capital gains tax when it was sold. Talmadge's purchase of the property apparently was due to a thoughtful tip from an old friend who found out the federal government was going to build a highway interchange nearby. The government built it and Talmadge netted more than half a million dollars profit on his $120,000 investment

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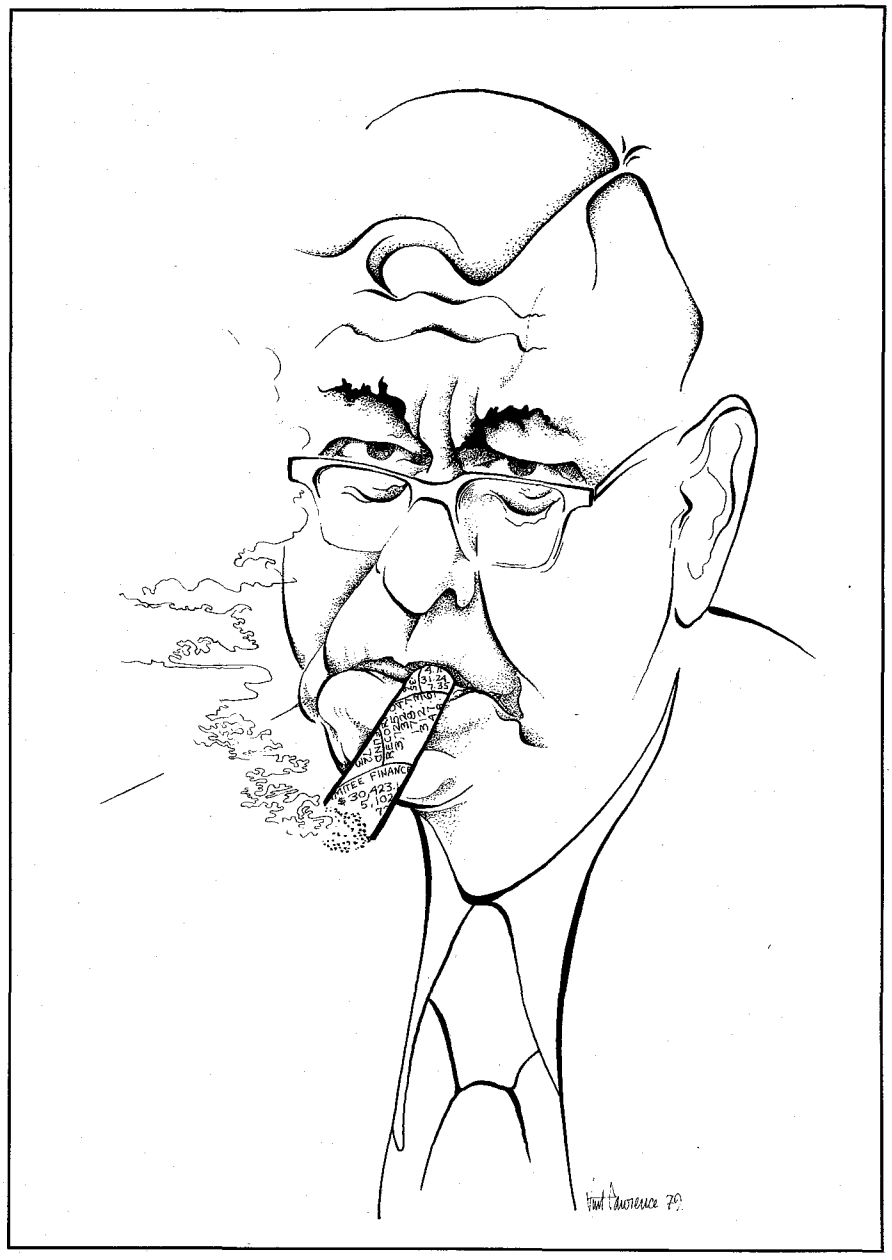
Talmadge's memory also failed him several times in 1974, on those occasions when he had to file reports of all his campaign receipts and expenditures. On each of the quarterly reports Talmadge swore that he had neither received nor spent any money of his own during his campaign for reelection. On the day the last report was filed, however, he got $12,243 from his campaign committee as reimbursement for alleged campaign expenses he had paid himself during 1974. He got an additional $14,669 for similar expenses during 1973, although he had not filed any reports at all for that year. His administrative assistant, who notarized the campaign reports and also signed the checks from the campaign committee, told the *Washington Star* last June that he had "no real good explanation" for what he conceded was an "awfully large oversight." After the *Star* pointed out the mistake, Talmadge filed an amended statement listing expenditures to match the publicized reimbursements.

Apparently Herman never was very handy with figures, because he also had trouble with the vouchers he filed with the Senate to be reimbursed for official expenses he paid out of his own pocket. Between 1972 and 1978, he submitted vouchers claiming more than $55,000 in reimbursable expenses, but his *actual* reimbursable expenses amounted to less than $19,000. When the *Washington Star* revealed the discrepancy last summer, Herman had his special office account (out of which he paid such expenses) audited and discovered to his surprise that about $26,000 of the expenses for which he had been reimbursed never took place, and that another $13,000 did take place but weren't legally reimbursable. Talmadge repaid the Senate for the mistaken reimbursements.

Talmadge doesn't deny any of this: filing false campaign reports and failing to file others, submitting false expense vouchers for nonexistent or unallowable office expenses, receiving and failing to report gifts from constituents, and making contradictory statements about whether he or his wife owned a piece of real estate. But he denies that any of these warrant censure. The problems with his campaign reports, he claims, were honest mistakes attributable to confusion caused by complicated campaign laws. The false expense vouchers were the fault of a careless staff. The failure to report various gifts was a minor matter. The different claims about who owned the land were made "with no intent to conceal."



drawing of Herman Talmadge by Vint Lawrence

The ethics committee disagreed. It decided that there was "substantial credible evidence" that Talmadge had committed five different violations of Senate rules. Most of the charges were based on the committee's interpretation of facts that Talmadge already has admitted about his campaign reports, expense vouchers and gifts. Another involved his failure to pay taxes on some gifts of stock to his wife, which he says he didn't owe. The last charge, and perhaps the most serious, is that Talmadge converted campaign funds to his own use.

This charge rests partly on some facts that Talmadge doesn't dispute, namely these: in 1973 Talmadge's administrative assistant Daniel Minchew (now a commissioner at the International Trade Commission) opened a secret account at the Riggs National Bank in Washington in the name of "Herman E. Talmadge/Talmadge Campaign Committee." Nearly $40,000 was deposited in the account during 1973 and

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1974 (a period which roughly coincided with Minchew's tenure in Talmadge's office), including nearly $13,000 in Senate reimbursements that Minchew got through false vouchers. The rest of the money came from campaign contributions, many of them unreported. Both Minchew and Talmadge were authorized to write checks on the account.

The crucial issue here is whether or not Talmadge knew about the account. Talmadge says Minchew opened and operated the account without his knowledge. Minchew says he handled it at the senator's direction. This issue will be hard to resolve, since it is Talmadge's word against Minchew's. If Talmadge did knowingly benefit from the account, he managed to avoid leaving any trail behind: the *Washington Post* reported that all of the checks with Talmadge's endorsement were signed by the automatic signature machine in his office. Last week the ethics committee heard from four different polygraph experts, whose testimony mainly served to discredit polygraph tests. Two FBI examiners said Minchew had lied when he said Talmadge knew about the account; one examiner hired by Minchew's lawyers said he told the truth about it; and another, also hired by Minchew's lawyers, didn't ask. Both the FBI examiner and one of the private polygraphers agreed that Minchew was truthful in saying that Allyne Tisdale, another Talmadge aide, helped him convert campaign money to Talmadge's personal use.

More substantial evidence also appears to implicate Tisdale, who denies doing anything improper. The ethics committee counsel, Carl Eardley, produced two memos to Minchew typed on her typewriter. One read: "For info: These sums were given today to SENATOR. None is reported in any form, of course. . . . (As SENATOR said, this helps offset some of the campaign expenses which we are reluctant to pay from the Campaign A/C [account].)" The other said "Please give SENATOR $500 and then lock in the cabinet under TV? Just let me know where you will keep key?" Tisdale admitted that the notes appear to have been typed on her typewriter and in her usual style, but said she was sure she didn't write them. "One of the memoranda indicates that I had misrepresented campaign reports, which I have not, and I have never been asked to," she told the committee.

The testimony about the secret account didn't directly incriminate Talmadge, but it did raise some questions which cast doubt on his professed ignorance. One is: if he was given money by Minchew or Tisdale, where did he think it came from? One supposes that a senator would not expect his aides to supply him with spending money out of their own pockets. Another is: why would Tisdale have cooperated with Minchew in converting campaign funds unless she thought Talmadge wanted her to do so? Talmadge suggests that Minchew needed the money because he was deeply in debt, and that he was simply embezzling. But that doesn't explain why Tisdale would go along with his scheme. It also doesn't explain why Minchew would give Talmadge a share of his embezzling proceeds.

But Talmadge's technical guilt, on this or the other charges, is not really the point. Talmadge can play the role of the busy public servant, who just didn't have time to look over every detail of his campaign and office expenses and ended up being betrayed by unscrupulous assistants. That is a time-honored defense among politicians caught swindling. Thomas Dodd, for one, also used it. It's also a defense that strikes a responsive chord with many other senators, who can appreciate the demands on a colleague's time. On any of the charges, the most charitable reading of the evidence could give Talmadge at least the benefit of the doubt. But the senators should look at the whole picture of Talmadge's conduct. The things that Talmadge *admits* by themselves are bad enough. He filed phony campaign reports. He submitted phony expense vouchers. He accepted thousands of dollars from constituents for his personal use and hid behind a technicality to avoid reporting some large gifts. He lied about the ownership of a lucrative piece of real estate. He received thousands of dollars in Senate reimbursements that were not rightfully his; and if the press had not discovered the overpayments, the money probably would never have been repaid. Talmadge's colleagues should base their decision about censure not on the narrow questions of technical guilt or innocence on each separate charge, but on the broad record of what looks at best like astonishing misbehavior. The question each should ask is not: is Talmadge a criminal? Instead it should be: is this how a member of the United States Senate should conduct himself? The rules of the Senate say censure is warranted if a senator's behavior reflects badly on the character of the Senate. Herman Talmadge's actions have done at least that. And a vote not to censure him would reflect very badly on the Senate indeed.

Stephen Chapman

How to save Carter's Rhodesia policy.

Up From Shambles

The Carter administration's Rhodesia policy appears a shambles, all right, just as its critics allege. Administration officials doubted that Rhodesia could hold elections under the black-white internal settlement, but it did. The administration doubted that majority blacks would take part in a process that left whites with political power out of all proportion to their numbers (six percent)

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in the population and which excluded Patriotic Front guerrilla groups. Yet 62 percent of the country's eligible voters did take part in the election, and apparently with remarkably little coercion. The administration's Africa experts thought that the Patriotic Front held so much sway in the Rhodesian countryside that they could disrupt the electoral process at will. In fact, the countryside was under such control by the government that journalists and other outside observers could travel widely to inspect the election process without danger. On the basis of that experience, many American observers question the administration's assumption that a guerrilla victory is inevitable. They also question the administration's conclusions that there can be no peace in the country without guerrilla participation in the government or dismantling of the internal settlement and its replacement with full majority rule.

With the election, Rhodesia has become Zimbabwe Rhodesia. A black man, Bishop Abel Muzorewa, will become prime minister, and now the administration's conservative opponents in Congress are declaring the president's past policy bankrupt. They anticipate that the new Tory government in Britain will lift economic sanctions, and they are moving in Congress to do the same. It appears that they have the votes to do so, and the best the Carter administration seems able to do is plead for time during which the president can decide on a policy, if he can find one, which makes both diplomatic and political sense.

Under legislation passed by Congress last year, the Case-Javits amendment, the president has two choices, neither of them attractive. He can determine that the Rhodesian government made a good faith effort to negotiate with its guerrilla opponents and that the April voting was conducted fairly, and recommended lifting of sanctions. This would be a reversal of administration policy and would enrage black Africa, whose leaders consider Zimbabwe Rhodesia to be a political fraud in which blacks reign but whites rule. For Carter to call for ending sanctions also would cause him heavy political losses among American blacks and liberals who already are disenchanted with his economic policies. As on energy, jobs and health insurance, Carter is flanked to the left on the Rhodesia issue by Senator Edward Kennedy, who is urging that the US stand fast with sanctions. Some administration officials fear that if Carter recommends lifting sanctions, he has no hope of holding the black vote in Democratic primaries in 1980, regardless of his opponent and even if United Nations ambassador Andrew Young goes all-out on his behalf. As a worst-case scenario, Young might be so offended by the president's policy that he would not give his support, or would resign from the administration in a huff.

The second choice offered by the Case-Javits amendment—the one which some close Carter observers think is most in character—is for the president to determine that the elections were not really fair or a true step toward majority rule, and to fight the lifting of sanctions. The step would be popular in Africa, but almost surely it would result in a policy defeat in Congress and in a diminution of Carter's foreign policy influence. The administration would be out of the business of mediating African disputes because it would be unable to bring the full backing of the US government to any settlement its diplomats negotiated. President Carter might be seen as an ally of black Africa and its aspirations, but the policy of the United States government would be that of Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina and other longtime champions of white supremacy.

Actually, the administration has a third choice which might enable it to salvage its basic aims in Rhodesia and its prestige both here and in Africa. This is to declare that the elections were a *step* toward majority rule, and to use the prospect of removal of American sanctions to secure further steps by the Muzorewa government. The inventor and most indefatigable backer of middle-course solutions to the US's Rhodesia dilemma is former representative Allard K. Lowenstein, who has been busy in Washington and Africa since February trying to stitch together the terms of an agreement between the Carter administration, Congress and black and white parties in Africa.

Whether or not a Lowenstein formula is adopted—indeed, it's not clear there is any single Lowenstein formula, and he denies there is—the third-course idea seems a good one for the administration to try, and far better than its present approach, which is to buy time, leaving decision-making power in the hands of the Thatcher government in Britain, conservatives in Congress, and Muzorewa and Ian Smith in Rhodesia.

Although its policy seems a shambles after the elections, the Carter administration does not have to be ashamed at all of its goals—securing majority rule, preventing bloodshed, building US support in black Africa and eliminating openings for Cuban and Soviet involvement. A good argument can be made, in fact, that the administration's policies have not so much failed as become the victims of their own success. Had it

drawing by Mike Peters

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not been for pressure from the Carter administration—and Patriotic Front guerrillas—Ian Smith probably never would have agreed to the March 1978 internal settlement or elections leading to shared rule. The administration did fail to explain its policies persuasively to the American public and to Congress, but this does not mean that it should withdraw and let events take their bloody course in Africa.

The successful April elections and increased congressional support for the internal settlement do mean that the administration should change its tactics. Instead of appearing to fight the internal settlement, the administration should do what it can to improve it and try to reconcile the Muzorewa government with any opponents who are willing to respond to it. The US should continue to work for peace, majority rule and US influence with black nations, but by other means.

One reason for the administration to take action is that the new British government, despite its election rhetoric, probably will move slowly in lifting sanctions. Margaret Thatcher has made no firm commitment to support Zimbabwe Rhodesia. Many experts expect her to wait at least until fall to decide what she will do. She and Queen Elizabeth are scheduled to visit Lusaka, Zambia, for the Commonwealth conference in August. Presumably Thatcher would not wish to risk Britain's expulsion, which might follow lifting of sanctions. A vote on sanctions in the House of Commons is not necessary before November, and may not occur until then.

The administration should make a case to Congress as soon as possible that it ought not lift sanctions precipitously, but rather should give the administration leeway to negotiate stronger steps toward majority rule and real democracy. Even if Congress decides to follow Jesse Helms instead of Carter on sanctions, the administration still has instruments to use to influence Muzorewa and Smith, notably the prospects of diplomatic recognition, economic aid and political support. The administration should approach Muzorewa immediately—and quietly—to urge him to take forceful action as soon as he takes office to upgrade black education, participation in government and ownership of property, and thereby build his credibility within Rhodesia and in neighboring black states. The United States also should urge Ian Smith's retirement from active political life, which also will diminish suspicion that Muzorewa is a puppet. Most important, the Carter administration should urge Muzorewa to sponsor a black referendum on the constitution under which Zimbabwe Rhodesia is governed. Whites got to ratify the internal settlement; blacks should have the same opportunity, or a new constitution should be drafted that will carry their support. Then the US could fully support Zimbabwe Rhodesia and expect the nation's neighbors to do so as well.

Morton Kondracke

Pretenders to the throne.

Bushy Tailed

"As a candidate for president, I am not promising a new deal, a new frontier, a great society, or a new foundation," said the lean, handsome, sandy-haired man with the blue suit and the modest smile. "But I do pledge a new candor." Standing behind a bank of microphones at the National Press Club, the candidate read from text prepared by Spiro T. Agnew's former speechwriter, Vic Gold. Behind him was a banner proclaiming: "George Bush for President."

With that formality completed, Bush, 55, boarded his 92-passenger DC-9, the first press plane of *next* year's presidential campaign, and commenced a week-long swing that took him and a contingent of supporters and reporters to Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont and Maine, then on to Florida and Alabama—all states with early primaries and all pieces in Bush's fairly carefully worked out scheme to capture the GOP nomination.

In the past year, Bush has emerged, partly through his own eagerness, as the moderate Republican establishment's candidate, the current choice of the squirearchy. John Connally has the Sunbelters. Ronald Reagan still has a strong claim on the true believers. But the names on his campaign committee and contribution lists show that George Bush draws from the executive class of the top corporations, *Fortune* 500 names like the Fords in Michigan and DuPonts in Delaware. He also attracts the GOP gentry, like former national chairman Meade Alcorn in Connecticut, former ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge and former state senator William Saltonstall in Massachusetts. In background and manner, George Bush suits his support. Born in Milton, Massachusetts, he was educated at Phillips Academy and Yale, where he was Skull and Bones and Phi Beta Kappa. He is the son of former Connecticut senator Prescott Bush, himself a pillar of the eastern Republican establishment when it dominated the party. In 1948 George Bush moved to Texas, there to make his home and his fortune as an independent oil drilling contractor. He ran unsuccessfully for the US Senate in 1964 as a Goldwater Republican. He then became the first Republican elected to Congress from Houston, where he served for two terms before yielding to Richard Nixon's importuning to make another try for the Senate in 1970. He lost, this time to Democrat Lloyd Bentsen. After 30 years and four political campaigns, there is only the barest hint of Texas around the edges of George Bush's impeccably Connecticut dialect. On the first day of his New England swing, the native son told 320 Hartford Republicans that he wanted to serve the country the way his father (not his daddy) served the state of Connecticut, and the band struck up "Deep in the

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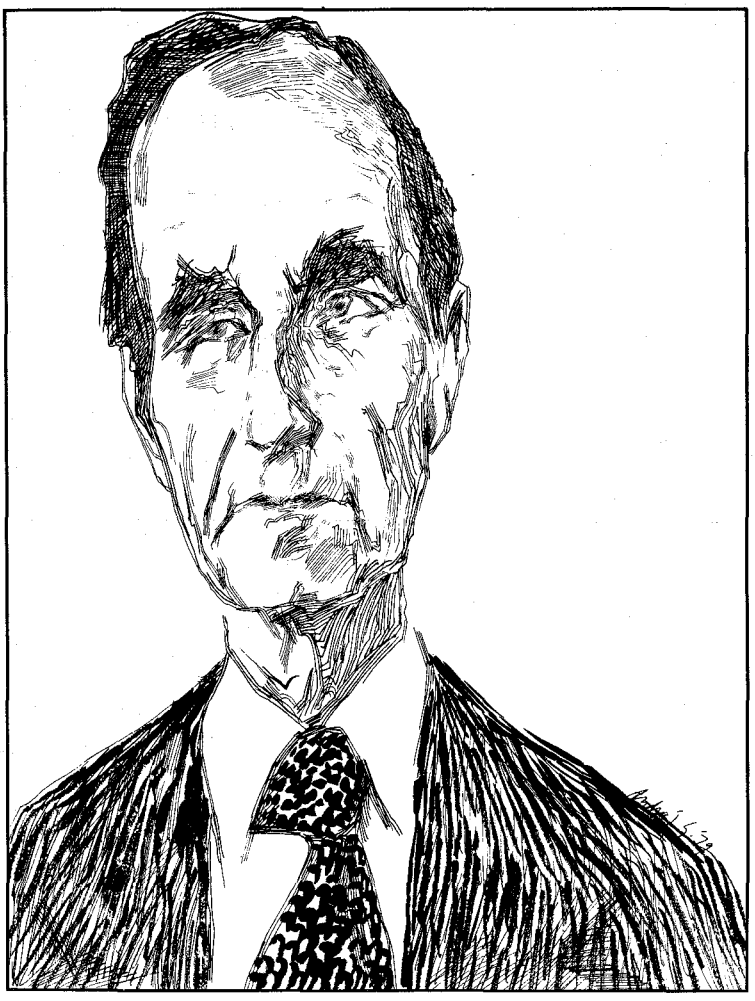
Heart of Texas." Bush says he is not a regional or a factional candidate, and you see what he means.

On issues, Bush is just about the right blend to qualify as a thoughtful conservative, acceptable enough to all wings of the Republican party once their first choices are out of the way. He opposed the Panama Canal treaties. He's for the ERA. He's against a constitutional amendment on abortion, but also against the federal government paying for abortions. He's tentatively but certain to become adamantly against SALT II, which is bound to be a hot issue in the Republican primaries. He's for oil decontrol with a windfall profits tax and a provision for plowback, a position slightly more favorable to the oil companies than that of Jimmy Carter. He's against any constitutional amendment to balance the budget that leaves open the possibility of doing so by raising taxes. He thinks that Carter gave away too much on Taiwan to get normalization with China, that Carter's human rights program and his vacillating rhetoric undercut the shah. "Regrettably," he told a press conference in Boston, "Carter has demonstrated he just can't cope."

In the national polls, Bush has languished at two or three percent. At Republican meetings around the country he does a little better, pulling down 17 percent at the recent Midwestern GOP Leadership conference (behind Connally and Reagan, ahead of Baker, Crane, Dole and Kemp). Bush attributes his low standing to low name identification and invokes the example of Jimmy Carter in explaining how he intends to overcome the polls by out-organizing his opposition. He was in 42 states last year, traveling on the tab of his pre-filing political action committee, the Fund for Limited Government. One rule being followed with fidelity in this year's Republican nomination scramble is that if you start early enough, nothing else really matters. Phil Crane has made 21 trips to New Hampshire already, and Bush more than a dozen.

Listing his qualifications to be president, Bush mentions his business experience, his short stay in Congress and his appointed jobs as Republican National chairman, United Nations ambassador, CIA director and US envoy to China. Some of those experiences could prove to be liabilities. For example, he was Republican National chairman at Richard Nixon's behest during Watergate, a fact that Lowell Weicker might find occasion to bring up during those New England primaries.

By all accounts Bush came to the CIA under suspicion of being a political appointment and did a creditable job of running the agency and winning the confidence of his career subordinates. In fact, several ex-spooks are involved in his presidential quest. Still, the agency did have its excesses and its fall from grace. Bush isn't bothered. He thinks that on the CIA, the pendulum of public opinion, as Dizzy Dean would say, has "swang



drawing of George Bush by András Goldinger

way over there" and is now in the process of swinging back. Bush says he's tired of seeing the FBI and CIA kicked around, and that line will go down well in Republican primaries. He also talks of the need, sometimes, to "destabilize" unfriendly governments, an indication that the CIA—the job he liked best—left its mark on his vocabulary.

How detrimental the oil connection will be is a matter of conjecture. In the lunchroom of the New Hampshire state capitol, before Bush addressed the lower house last week, a member of that body commented to reporters, "I think most people from New Hampshire mistrust anyone from Texas on the oil issue alone." Insisting that he rejects the Washington idea that if you know something about a subject it disqualifies you to deal with it, Bush nonetheless notes that his was the oil *construction* business.

Bush has put together a campaign organization of established professionals; on paper, it's probably the best in the field this year. His campaign chairman is James Baker III, who headed up the President Ford Committee toward the end of 1976, then lost his 1978 bid to become attorney general of Texas. The director of political organization is David Keene, formerly Ronald Reagan's southern coordinator and one of the most capable young politicians in the party. Handling the polling will be Robert Teeter, a veteran who

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produced some of the most sophisticated political surveys on record for Gerald Ford last time around. The Baltimore firm of Robert Goodman and Ronald Wilner, which helped elect six GOP senators in 1978, will be handling media. They have been known to give full orchestration to a campaign jingle, use helicopters and herds of horses to make television commercials and even to recreate a section of the Old Senate Chambers in a New York studio to get the effect they wanted. Finally, in a burst of ecumenicism, Bush hired the top press aides away from both national party chairmen: Peter Teely, who handled Ford in 1976 and Susan Morrison, who was press secretary to John White and favored Frank Church in the last primaries.

On paper, it's also a very expensive operation, but there seems to be no shortage of campaign cash. Under the direction of Bob Mosbacher, Houston wildcat oil millionaire and one of Ford's fund-raising chairmen, $875,000 has been banked since January. Three weeks after the George Bush for President Committee was formed, the still undeclared candidate was able to announce that he had raised $5000 in each of 20 states in amounts under $250, thereby becoming the first Republican candidate to qualify for 1980 matching funds. That's record time, said Bush, and we did it with a "handful of phone calls." The record didn't stand for long. Connally accomplished the same thing in six days.

Last January, the syndicated columnist Joseph Kraft said, "George Bush may have been invented to be eaten alive by Ronald Reagan." What he meant was this: with the Ford infrastructure and financial backing already mobilized, the former president can lie back and allow the new fellows to have their chance. If Bush fades, Ford could be called to fill the breach, while not having it said that he contributed to a Ford-Reagan replay of 1976. The perception that he is a stalking horse for Ford has slowed Bush. In what is now considered a regrettable burst of candor, James Baker told the *Christian Science Monitor* in April that the Bush organization could be switched over to Ford in two weeks. The idea that Bush is fronting for Ford will fade quickly if his organization produces as it is designed to in the early going. This far from the first primary, George McGovern was thought to be a stalking horse for Ted Kennedy.

The way the Bush strategists see the GOP field, the race will come down to Bush, Howard Baker and Ronald Reagan. Their job is to emerge as the alternative to Reagan, so the first race is against Baker, the other credible moderate. As they see it, Representative John Anderson and Senator Lowell Weicker will draw off some support, but not enough to alter the outcome. Baker, they argue, is better known and ahead slightly in the polls because he holds the most visible Republican position in government. But he is an uninspiring campaigner who already has given away too much time and can be beaten in the New England primaries where the old Bush family ties will be beneficial.

What if John Connally emerges instead of Reagan? "Then it will be Bush or Baker," says a Bush insider who cites Republican polls showing Connally's ratings at four-to-one negative. "No Republican Convention will ever nominate John Connally."

And what of Reagan? He could be hurt by Crane or Dole or Connally, but age is his most significant enemy. Age is the non-ideological reason that conservatives are against Reagan. Many Republicans really want things turned over to a new generation of leaders.

Former New Hampshire governor Hugh Gregg, Reagan's 1976 state chairman who now holds the same job for Bush, feels that way. Gregg's support is considered important. He is widely connected in New Hampshire Republican circles and is known to be a man who actually organizes on behalf of his candidate. Also in the Bush camp is New Hampshire congressman James Cleveland who headed the Ford campaign in 1976.

The name of the game in presidential politics is to do well where no one expects you to. For Bush, that place could be Florida, the first primary outside New England. Most of the northern part of the state is cracker Democrat; the southeast coast, which has been resettled by transplants from the northeastern US, is also largely Democratic; but the west coast of Florida is full of midwestern Republican retirees. So the GOP presidential primary resembles a primary in a midwestern state, and George Bush could be just the sort of candidate those folks are used to—a clean political record, solid family man, business background, without any hard ideological edges.

Texas is a special problem for Bush. He runs third there, at a measly 10 percent in a poll reported by *Newsweek*. Ronald Reagan won every county and every delegate in 1976 and still has a fervent grassroots following. With the aid of old Tory Democratic allies like former lieutenant governor Ben Barnes, John Connally would draw a large crossover vote. Only if George Bush actually wins in New Hampshire can he hope to compete on a remotely equal footing with Reagan and Connally on his home turf.

It is still possible that the Democratic legislative leadership in Austin will persuade GOP governor William Clements that Texas needs *two* primaries. The presidential primary would be held on March 11—the same day as Florida—and the state primary would be held in early May. The idea is to give favorite son Connally an early shot at Reagan while not at the same time exposing the flanks of conservative Democratic legislators whose supporters would flock to the GOP ballot for the great bash-up.

An early Texas confrontation between Reagan and Connally would be like having the playoffs first, and Bush would get lost in the shuffle, while squandering the full $1.9 million in his adopted homestate. To save face, Bush might just decide to bail out of Texas and

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A Special Message to

ANYONE WHO WANTS BETTER JOURNALISM

(And That Includes Just About Everybody)

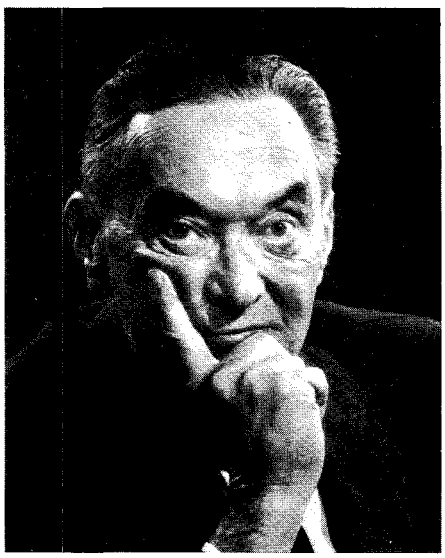
Last year, Harvard President Derek C. Bok authorized a grant of $100,000 to establish "Walter Lippmann House" to become the headquarters of the Nieman Foundation for Journalism, established 40 years ago to "elevate the standards of journalism." Harvard stipulated that the grant be matched by non-Harvard funds.

The house is a handsome, historic and spacious Cambridge, Massachusetts, landmark, built in 1836 by the College carpenter, Ebenezer Francis.

The Nieman Curator and staff, in consultation with several distinguished supporters of the program, have accepted the challenge to match the Harvard grant. They have also determined that additional funds will be required to renovate and maintain the structure, and to name the new headquarters in honor of the great American journalist, Walter Lippmann. Accordingly, a separate and restricted Lippmann Fund of $400,000 is envisioned to cover costs of operation and upkeep of the house and grounds.

"Lippmann House" will henceforth provide space for all Nieman seminars; study and work space for Nieman Fellows; storage facilities for Nieman archives, and facilities for servicing Nieman seminars, receptions and conferences.

You are respectfully invited to contribute to this effort, a center for one of journalism's most prestigious institutions, in the name of one of its most respected figures and in the interest of a better-informed citizenry.



Sometimes, looking backward in the late light, one almost sees a pattern in the past. I did when I heard that Harvard University had bought the old Francis House in Cambridge for its Nieman Foundation for Journalism and was raising a Walter Lippmann Memorial Fund to endow it. I had been the first Curator (as Harvard calls it) of that foundation forty years ago and Walter Lippmann, already the most admired American journalist of his generation, was one of its begetters, advising the University on what should and should not be done with the Nieman bequest.

All this came together in my mind as I thought of the perfect propriety of a Walter Lippmann memorial housing a Nieman Foundation, which has now become one of the most famous journalistic institutions in the world. In those early days, when I was Curator, we lived in no such glory. We had the occasional use of a lounge in the Yard and we ate our weekly dinner in the back room of Joseph's restaurant in what was then called the Arts' Club in the Back Bay. But even then we were a phenomenon and it was to Walter Lippmann, as I have always believed, that we owed our distinction.

We were a journalists' school which was *not* a School of Journalism, and Harvard, though we could scarcely be said to belong to it, belonged to us. We could use its libraries and laboratories, sit in its classrooms, make friends and counselors of its professors, and generally educate and reeducate ourselves at its expense, and all because President Conant, persuaded by Walter Lippmann, had so conceived of the relation between journalism and the university in the contemporary world.

This I say was my belief at the time though I never discussed it. But of one thing there was no question. It was Walter Lippmann's example, whatever his advice may have been, which supported the foundation in its early, innovative years. He was not only a great modern journalist, he was also one of the first instances of what a modern journalist would have to be if journalism were to serve the new, vast, doubtful modern world.

—Archibald MacLeish

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concentrate on doing well in Florida.

The George Bush high command understands that their man's main chance lies in a fast start. If he takes hold, his early support will hold up, and there will be no more talk of stalking horses.

And if the Jimmy Carter lessons of 1976 have any application to 1980, Bush does have some advantages. He has enough money, backing, organization and time to get the start he needs. So if he proves he's got the stuff to win votes, Bush could be around beyond the first winnowing out. He also has a vaguely successful, perfectly respectable, stolidly Republican political image, without the potentially crippling liabilities of a Ronald Reagan or John Connally. But the most important thing may be that, like Carter at this stage, Bush is not a well-known commodity. Goodman, the media man, says, "The hardest thing to do is to unmake an image. You can't do a reclamation job on an incumbent as effectively as you can introduce a new guy." After observing his opening campaign swing, Goodman was talking about how he'll capture the Quiet Inner Strength and Optimism Bush projects.

Ken Bode

The British Tory victory is part of a conservative sweep.

Europe Turns Right

Traveling through Western Europe in recent months—even before this spring's round of national elections—the overwhelming political impression I gained is that the Old World is moving toward a still undefined form of conservatism in the 1980s.

Conservatism, to be sure, means different things to different European societies. But the common denominator I found, quite forcefully expressed, was the desire for internal and international stability, and an end to much of the social experimentation proposed or undertaken during the affluent 1960s, and kept alive here and there in the guise of welfarism in the recessionary 1970s.

It may be more accurate to say that the present Western European penchant is for solid centrist politics. There is no serious right-wing sentiment sweeping the region. Still, the clear swing away from leftist philosophies, which seemed so persuasive to so many less than five years ago, does suggest that Europe is turning to modern conservatism.

The British elections on May 3 (and, before that, Spanish parliamentary elections on March 1) seem to make this point. That Chancellor Bruno Kreisky, a moderate Socialist, comfortably won the elections in Austria on May 6, does not, as I see it, contradict the new trends. Ideologies and even the basic approach to government were not at issue. Under Kreisky the country has been prosperous and well run. Austrian Socialists were reelected because, so to speak, they deserved it.

The next important European tests are the Italian elections on June 3—essentially provoked by the Communists who may have embarked on a perilous gamble—and the June 7-10 direct elections to the 410-member European Parliament, the first of its kind. These June events may firmly set the tone for the politics of the 1980s, emphasizing the patterns already discernible in Spain and Britain. In the autumn, there will be elections in Sweden. Early indications are that left-of-center Social Democrats there are unlikely to reconquer power.

The Europe-wide process of consulting the electorate in the course of 1979—events have converged to bring all these elections for a variety of reasons at this time—is therefore something of a political watershed at the approach of the new decade. Unquestionably, the mood has changed. On a continental scale, for example, "Eurocommunism" is already a word from the past, regardless of the precise outcome of the Italian elections.

Yet it would be wrong to conclude that the emerging Western European conservatism spells obscurantism or a wholly regressive wave. For modern Europe, this conservatism has to be *modern* in order to deal effectively with the extraordinarily complex problems of the contemporary world. Not even Margaret Thatcher, campaign slogans notwithstanding, can move Britain back fully to the old free enterprise system. I doubt that the new prime minister really plans to try it. It does not follow from the May 3 elections that this was the national mandate.

My own sense is that Western Europeans are seeking centrist compromise solutions, certainly not yet crystallized, and that they are giving their modern conservatives a chance to lead them out of the chaos that has prevailed in so much of Europe in recent years. For all we know, they may be wrong in their choices—it is entirely possible that neither the centrists nor the conservatives have the answers—but this is the democratic phenomenon of peaceful alternation in power.

What motivates the European desire for changes? First, obviously, is the disenchantment with the way things have been working—or not working. Social unrest of the type Britain, Italy and Spain have known over the years, notably the endless strikes, is no longer tolerable to the societies in general, let alone to the middle classes that long had supported Labour in Britain and Socialists in France.

Inflation, the specter of unemployment (and the

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threat of protectionism in international trade, which may aggravate it), and even the energy crisis are factors in the development of the new European mindset, although it is impossible to break them down with such precision as far as the voters are concerned. As I found it, malaise over the existing state of affairs is the central leitmotif.

In foreign policy, concerns range from the Middle East (the Iranian revolution clearly shook Western Europe) to Western Europe's security position between the United States and the Soviet Union, particularly after the SALT II agreement on limiting strategic weapons is signed. Europeans are still uncertain of American leadership under the Carter administration. There is a growing tendency to turn inward and to seek European defense solutions, though nobody is quite sure what this means or implies. While conservatives, it would appear (as in Britain), tend to favor stronger military ties with Washington and a greatly modernized Atlantic alliance, there are contradictory viewpoints even in this area. Thus Europe's modern conservatism is a phenomenon that the US must strive to understand and digest.

Leftist politics in Western Europe probably reached its apogee with the Italian elections in June 1976. This was when the Italian Communist party came within a few percentage points of capturing power in Rome and, in effect, began sharing government responsibility with the Christian Democrats. At the same time the French Union of the Left (Socialists and Communists) was given a strong chance of winning the 1978 elections; and the Left in post-Franco Spain loomed as a formidable force. Eurocommunism then looked like a wave of the future in Western Europe.

But the wave began to crest rapidly. In the first Spanish democratic elections in June 1977, the center-right coalition carried the day though the Socialists made a strong showing. In neighboring Portugal, revolutionary leftism was already in collapse. In September, the French Union of the left came apart as a result of unbridgeable differences between the Socialists and the Communists. In March 1978, the leftists were beaten by the center-right, with President Giscard d'Estaing emerging as the principal winner.

This trend continued to pick up momentum in 1979. In the Spanish elections on March 1, the Socialists were again beaten by the centrist coalition (with both the Communists and the right doing quite badly) despite their certainty of victory. It will be five years before they can reach out again for national power. In Portugal, power kept sliding further right of center as even moderate Socialists no longer seemed acceptable.

In France, the next major leftist challenge is possible only in 1981 when President Giscard is expected to seek reelection. But currently the outlook for the reemergence of a unified left is slim. The Socialist party is rent by internal dissensions. François Mitterand, long its standard-bearer, may be pushed out by Michel Rocard, the technocrat who speaks increasingly for the new socialist generation. The Giscard government, to be sure, has serious problems with unemployment, particularly in the northeast, but he has kept inflation fairly under control, and nobody seems to be looking for radical solutions.

In Western Germany, the ruling Social Democrats are under strong pressure from the right-center Christian Democrats, but the Germans are doing too well with Chancellor Schmidt to warrant a change in the foreseeable future. Likewise, Schmidt does not worry about his own party's left wing although there are signs that new strains are developing in the German body politic. In West Germany, as in Austria, the paradox of European politics is that Social Democrats and Socialists fare better in affluence and stability in their well-structured societies. It is in situations of unrest and hardship that the electorate turns its back on the leftists.

The classic example was Britain this month. The voters brought in the Conservative party because Labour, despite its overall management of the economy, was unable to deal satisfactorily with the chaos created by the trade unions. Whether Margaret Thatcher can do better remains, of course, to be seen. In Denmark, a super-welfare state, no change is imminent, but a recent visit suggests that with growing unemployment and inflation, the rule of trade-union-backed Social Democrats may run into a challenge.

Now, then, we are back to Italy next month. The elections were forced by the Communist leadership, which, under pressure from the party's rank-and-file, demanded full participation in the government after nearly three years of providing de facto parliamentary support for the Christian Democrats. The leadership may have had no choice, but it has taken quite a gamble in creating the crisis late last year.

Such is the nature of Italian politics that the Communist party would consider it a victory today if its losses in relation to the Christian Democrats can be kept below, say, two percent in the parliamentary race. There is no likelihood that the Communists actually will win a majority. But if their tally remains above 30 percent, they still will be in a position to demand inclusion in the Rome government.

My own impression is that in these terms the *political* results—the way they are interpreted by Italians—are in doubt. But the trend is against communism. The Christian Democrats have succeeded in improving the economy in recent years. The Communist party may lose enough votes because the wave of violence, Red Brigades terrorism and the endless strikes are turning Italians against all forms of leftism. That the Communist party has no visible identification with the terrorists—it, too, is denounced by the Red Brigades—may make no difference to the voters on June 3.

The Communists and the Christian Democrats may

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have to strike a new compromise to avoid a total political paralysis in Italy, but chances are that this time the Communists will be in a weaker position than three years ago. This is the way political currents—away from left-wing parties—are now running in Western Europe, where the hope is simply for a bit of peace and quiet, which the modern conservatives may or may not be able to provide.

Tad Szulc

In defense of the Boy Scouts.

Me Decade Antidote

Liberal intellectuals have often gazed uneasily at the Boy Scout movement. A general, the scourge of the Boers, invented it, Kipling admired it, the *Hitlerjugend* (and the Soviet Pioneers) aped it. If its insistence that there is a God has not sufficed to alienate the enlightened, its khaki uniforms, lanyards, salutes, badges and flag worship have seemed to argue incipient militarism, if not outright fascism. The movement has often seemed its own worst enemy. Its appropriation of Norman Rockwell as its official Apelles has not endeared it to the artistic. Nor has its cause been promoted by the recent brief TV appearance of the Chief Pardoner, Gerald Ford, rigged out in scout neckerchief, assuring us from the teleprompter that a Scout is Reverent. Then there are the leers and giggles triggered by the very world "scoutmaster," which in knowing circles is alone sufficient to promise comic pederastic narrative.

But anyone who imagines that the scouting movement is either sinister or stupid or funny should spend a few hours with the latest edition of the *Official Boy Scout Handbook* (Simon & Schuster; $3). Social, cultural and literary historians could attend to it profitably as well, because after the *Red Cross First Aid Manual*, the *World Almanac* and the Gideon Bible, it is probably the best-known book in this country. Since the first edition in 1910, 29 million copies have been read in bed by flashlight. The first printing of this ninth edition is 600,000. We needn't take too seriously the ascription of authorship to William ("Green Bar Bill") Hillcourt, depicted on the title page as an elderly gentleman bare-kneed in scout uniform and identified as Author, Naturalist and World Scouter. He is clearly the Ann Page or Reddy Kilowatt of the movement, and although he's doubtless had a hand in it, the book bears all the marks of composition by committee (or "task force," as it's called here). But for all that, it's admirably written. And although a complex sentence is as rare as a reference to girls, the rhetoric of this new edition has made no compromise with what we are told is the new illiteracy of the young. The book assumes an audience prepared by a very good high school education, undaunted by terms like "biosphere," "ideology" and "ecosystem."

The pliability and adaptability of the scout movement explains its amazing longevity, its capacity to flourish in a world dramatically different from that of its founder, Baden-Powell. Like the Catholic Church, the scout movement knows the difference between cosmetic and real change, and it happily embraces the one to avoid any truck with the other. Witness the new American flag patch, now worn at the top of the right sleeve. It betokens no access of jingoism or threat to a civilized internationalism. It simply conduces to dignity by imitating the similar affectation of police and fire departments in anarchic towns like New York City. The implication of the flag patch is not "I am a fascist, straining to become old enough to buy guns." (There's no mention of guns in the whole book, or even a merit badge for Marksmanship.) Rather, the message of the flag is, "I can be put to quasi-official use, and like a fireman or policeman I am trained in first-aid and ready to help."

There are other novelties, none of them essential. The breeches of 30 years ago have yielded to trousers, although shorts are still in. The wide-brimmed Army field hat of the First World War is still a fixture, but it is now augmented by headwear deriving from succeeding mass patriotic exercises: overseas caps and berets from World War II, and visor caps of the sort worn by General Westmoreland and sunbelt retirees. The scout handclasp has been changed, perhaps because it was discovered in the context of the new internationalism that the former one, in which the little finger was separated from the other three on the right hand, transmitted inappropriate suggestions in the third world. The handclasp is now the normal one, but given with the left hand. There's much less emphasis on knots than before; as if to signal this change, the neckerchief is no longer religiously knotted at the tips. What used to be called artificial respiration ("Out goes the bad air, in comes the good") has given way to "rescue breathing." The young are now being familiarized with the metric system. Some bright empiric has discovered that a paste made of meat tenderizer is the best remedy for painful insect stings. Constipation is not the bugbear it was a generation ago. And throughout there is a striking new lyricism. "Feel the wind blowing through your hair," the scout is adjured, just as he is exhorted to perceive that Being Prepared for life mans learning "to live happy" and—equally important—"to die happy." There's more emphasis on fun and less on duty; or rather, duty is validated because, properly viewed, it is a pleasure.

There are only two possible causes of complaint: the term "free world" surfaces too often, although the

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phrase is mercifully uncapitalized; and the Deism is a bit insistent. The United States is defined as a country "whose people believe in a supreme being." The words "In God We Trust" on the coinage and currency are taken almost like a constitutional injunction. The camper is told that he must carry along the "Bible, Testament, or prayer book of your faith," even though, for light backpacking, he is advised to leave behind air mattresses, knife and fork and pancake turner. When the scout finds himself lost in the woods, he is to "stay put and have faith that someone will find you." In aid of this end, "Prayer will help." But the religiosity is so broad that it is harmless. The words "your church" are always followed by the phrase "or synagogue." And the writers have done as well as they can considering that they're saddled with the immutable 12 points of Baden-Powell's Scout Law, which state clearly that "A Scout is Reverent" and "faithful to his religious duties." But if "You have the right to worship God in your own way," you must see to it that "others retain their right to worship God in their way." If "you have the right to speak your mind without fear of prison or punishment," you must "ensure that right for others, even when you do not agree with them." If the book has any politics, they can hardly be described as conservative; they are better described as slightly archaic liberal. It is broadly hinted that industrial corporations are prime threats to clean air and conservation. In every illustration depicting more than three boys, one is black. The section on Great Americans pays respect not only to Franklin and Edison and John D. Rockefeller and Einstein and Dwight D. ("Keep them confused") Eisenhower; it also makes much of Walter Reuther and Samuel Gompers, as well as Harriet Tubman, Martin Luther King and Whitney Young. There is a post-Watergate awareness that public officials must be watched closely. One's civic duties include the obligation to "keep up on what is going on around you" in order to "get involved" and "help change things that are not good."

Few books these days could be called compendia of good sense. This is one such, and its good sense is not merely about swimming safely and putting fires "cold out." The good sense is psychological and ethical as well. Indeed, this handbook is among the few remaining popular repositories of something very like classical ethics, deriving from Aristotle and Cicero. Except for the handbook's adhesions to the motif of scenic beauty, it reads as if the Romantic movement never took place. The constant moral theme is the benefits of looking objectively outward and losing consciousness of self in the work to be done. To its young audience vulnerable to future invitations to "trips" and trances and anxious self-absorption, the book calmly says, "Forget yourself." What a pity the psychobabblers of Marin County won't read it.

There is other invaluable advice, applicable to grown-ups as well as to scouts. Some is practical, like "Never use flammable fluids to start a charcoal fire. They burn off fast, lighting only a little of the charcoal." Some is civic-moral: "Take a 2-hour walk where you live. Make a list of things that please you, another of things that should be improved. Set out to improve them." Some is even intellectual: "Reading trash all the time makes it impossible for anyone to be anything but a second-rate person." But the best advice is ethical: "Learn to think." "Gather knowledge." "Have initiative." "Respect the rights of others." Actually, there's hardly a better gauge for measuring recent public misbehavior than the ethics enshrined in this handbook. From its explicit ethics you can infer such propositions as "A Scout does not tap his acquaintances' telephones," or "A Scout does not bomb and invade a neutral country, and then tell lies about it," or "A Scout does not prosecute war unless, as the Constitution provides, it has been declared by the Congress." Not to mention that because a Scout is clean in thought, word and deed, he does not designate his fellow citizens "shits" and then both carefully record his filth and lie about the recordings ("A Scout tells the truth").

Responding to George Orwell's satiric analysis of "Boys' Weeklies" 40 years ago, the boys' author Frank Richards, stigmatized by Orwell as a manufacturer of excessively optimistic and falsely wholesome stories, observed that "The writer for young people should . . . endeavor to give his young readers a sense of stability and solid security, because it is good for them, and makes for happiness and peace of mind." Even if it is true, as Orwell says, that the happiness of youth is a cruel delusion, then, says Richards, "Let youth be happy, or as happy as possible. Happiness is the best preparation for misery, if misery must come. At least the poor kid will have had something!" In our world of Making It and Getting Away with It, there are not many books devoted to associating happiness with virtue. The shelves of the CIA and the State Department must be bare of them. "Horror swells around us like an oil spill," Terrence Des Pres said recently: "Not a day passes without more savagery and harm." He was commenting on Philip Hallie's *Lest Innocent Blood Be Shed*, an account of a whole French village's trustworthiness, loyalty, helpfulness, friendliness, courtesy, kindness, cheerfulness and bravery in hiding scores of Jews during the Occupation. Des Pres concludes: "*Goodness*. When was the last time anyone used that word in earnest, without irony, as anything more than a doubtful cliché?" The *Official Boy Scout Handbook*, for all its focus on Axmanship, Backpacking, Cooking, First Aid, Flowers, Hiking, Map and Compass, Semaphore, Trees and Weather, is another book about goodness. No home, and certainly no government office, should be without a copy. The price is enticing, and so is the place on the back cover where you're invited to inscribe your name.

Paul Fussell

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Exteriors

The chief impediment of *Manhattan* (UA) is the hype. It's as if the media had been braiding laurel wreaths in advance, hoping for a minimal excuse to hail Woody Allen, as if they badly needed a US filmmaker to garland, especially since their last genius, Robert Altman, is in disarray. The media's nature abhors a vacuum, and Allen has in fact given them a bit more than a minimal excuse to fill the genius-vacancy. *Manhattan* is a faulty film but it's moderately amusing; and, since it's back on the Allen track, inevitably it's an improvement over *Interiors*, that tour of the Ingmar Bergman Room at Madame Tussaud's. (By the way, *Interiors* is now being explained, with the usual ex post facto excuse for sententious failures, as misunderstood wit!) This new film, which doesn't have quite as much flexibility and freshness as *Annie Hall*, has been exalted because the media, though now flashily hip, still live as much as they ever did by saying yes.

One aspect of *Manhattan* is especially lucky or canny. Even those who are outside the metropolitan area must know that there is a big "I Love New York" campaign going on, home-town boosterism in print and on TV, and certainly the whole world knows about the things that made the campaign necessary—the financial and crime troubles. Allen's film sings Mannahatta as devotedly as, if more reedily than, Walt Whitman did. Allen clearly does love this inexhaustible city, and he gives his reasons in a range of rich settings. Much of the action is seen in middle-distance shots so that the story and the place get almost equal play. The cinematography by Gordon Willis is in adoring black and white, like a soft version of Andreas Feininger's Manhattan photography. And the romance is sealed with a soundtrack of superb Gershwin tunes—written in a quite different New York—lushly arranged and played by two, count 'em two, symphony orchestras. (Not simultaneously.) In Allen's New York there is no litter-strewn street, no doorway drug-peddler or sidewalk-stretched drunk, no security-frantic apartment house, no disgusting subway car. It's the New York of the well-heeled swinger, a selected menu of fun, youth, pretended youth, quaint shopping, many amusements, and sex.

But conceding the romance, which is one artistic option, and enduring the hype, which like Iago's purse belongs to Allen this year, one must still ask: what is the film at the center? Allen wrote the script with, again, Marshall Brickman. It's about a TV writer (Allen) who quits his job in disgust. He is divorced from Meryl Streep who left him for another woman and is now writing a frank book about their marriage. (Check off two current issues.) He is having an affair with Mariel Hemingway, a 17-year-old girl (another issue—teenage sex), who wants to go to London to study acting. He encourages her to go because he has fallen for Diane Keaton who is having an affair with Allen's married friend, Michael Murphy. Keaton breaks with Murphy because she feels there's no future in it, then Allen makes his move for her. Eventually Murphy gets Keaton to return, and Allen hurries back to Hemingway, now 18, to try to keep her from leaving for London.

Somewhere in this mildly interesting, meandering script was an attempt to write a serious comedy about a man trying to live by moral principles in a world of gratification-as-ethics. But the film is so anxious to stay cool, with every coolant that comes along, that the theme is lost. Allen quits his TV job like so many others who have quit TV jobs—only after making money at it for years. The commercialism-idealism tussle used to be a big subject in US fiction—*The Hucksters* and a rash of novels about working for *Time*—but it usually entailed some sacrifice. For Allen, it means only moving to a smaller but quite nice apartment and continuing to live just as before. And how does his morality appear otherwise? True, he makes no play for Keaton until she splits with Murphy, but that is more wisdom than restraint; and as soon as she leaves him, he races back to interfere with Hemingway's young life and future in order to gratify himself. He might even have succeeded, she tells him, if she weren't on her way to the airport. Through the film Allen is accused of trying to play God, of being a moral arbiter, but it's Hemingway who has to set him straight and tell him to have faith in people. This adolescent comes off as the strongest person morally in the picture. (And I'm waiting for someone to tell us that this was the *point*.)

The real comment on our time is that this wispy, latter-day facsimile of a 1940s moral protagonist has been accepted as a strong moral champion for today.

No Allen script except *Interiors* is bereft of funny lines. *Manhattan* has fewer than *Annie Hall*, but there are some. (Just one sample. Allen, riding in cab with girl: "You're so beautiful I can't keep my eyes on the meter.") And there is plenty of current custom and chit-chat, of Manhattan travelogue. Allen is proud of

Films Worth Seeing

The China Syndrome. Simplifies nuclear-energy problems by painting power executives as murderous heavies, still a sizzling thriller.

The Deer Hunter. Set in US, Vietnam and back in US, but not about the war—about male ritual in American life. Script develops wobbles, acting is always fine.

Norma Rae. Sally Field is splendid in this very moving film about labor problems in the deep South today. The whole film, if slightly naive, is engrossing and important.

Richard Pryor, Live in Concert. An hour and 20 minutes of fun, all of it raunchy, some of it socially slashing.

SK

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this. "I'd like to think," he has said, "that a hundred years from now, if people see the picture, they will learn something about what life in the city was like in the 1970s." This boast always makes me nervous. The first time I heard it was from Faith Baldwin, already forgotten but not long ago the queen of popular magazine romancers. How would it have been possible to write and shoot *Manhattan* and *not* get customs and landscape into it? To praise a work for those elements is about as rock-bottom as one can go. The city of Singapore and its customs are integrated into Peter Bogdanovich's otiose and odious *Saint Jack*.

As for Allen's performance, again it has his recently acquired negative virtue of avoiding physical comedy. Again his persona and looks are excused on the ground that one often sees attractive women with unattractive men. But this excuse is one more of the current confusions between life and art. On the *screen*, with the requirements of fulfillment within the film's dimensions, Allen is insufficient as actor and person to make either his performance or his attractiveness convincing. The same role in the same script performed by, say, Dustin Hoffman would have been immeasurably stronger. But Allen isn't interested in that kind of strength: he wants a kind of twinning between his work and himself. Thus he has to bear the charge of projecting fantasies. Frank Sinatra, in his later films, always included at least one scene in which he beat up a man bigger than he is. Maybe he also did this in life; I don't know. Maybe Allen is a whiz with women off screen; I don't know. But on screen the Sinatra-Allen scenes are not credible.

The rest of the cast is mediocre to poor. Michael Murphy's acting is again like well-chosen wallpaper: it fills the space without attracting attention. Meryl Streep, gold hair a banner, does all that can be done with a small, virtually unwritten part. Hemingway, who looks like Grandfather Ernest feminized, is dull. And Diane Keaton gives us one more go-round of her crazy mixed-up New York girl, broken sentences and all. It's not acting, it's a routine. The only difference this time is the hair-do; this time it's frizzy, and, simian-like, covers her brow. And this time the photography—particularly at a concert—shows that, for her, the hour-glass is running.

But beneath the hype, and possibly one source of it, is another factor in the success of *Manhattan*. It satisfies a contemporary hunger for art as mimicry. Realism, which began long ago as a means of getting to truth, has degenerated into reproduction. All around us, in theater and film and TV, the height of praise—obvious fantasy aside—is that a piece or a performance is indistinguishable from the world that borders it. Recognition, which used to be only an underpinning of realism, has become the center. The whole transformative function of art, the move toward perception and extension and criticism, has been smothered in the manufacture of mere mirrors. Allen's film leaks on to the screen indistinguishable in texture or depth from the life in the lines outside the box office, and the fact that, after the long wait, the audience can actually see *itself* up there makes it ecstatic. Hollywood used to cosmeticize people's lives; now Allen, along with others, reproduces lives mimetically, altering them only insofar as he gives them somewhat wittier dialogue, gives them the lines that some of them can only think of later when the party is over.

What's missing under this, what's missing under Allen's highly salable self-deprecation, is any true sense of dissatisfaction. Allen's mode, because it lacks valid critical or satirical edge (which Jules Feiffer, at his best, still has), is basically a version of self-love. And self-love, wrapped in awareness, is the prime marketable product these days. In Allen's hands, realism has turned from compassionate criticism to stroking. What George M. Cohan did with the Stars and Stripes in 1919, Allen is doing with neurosis in 1979: waving it, telling us that as long as we're proud of it, we're all pretty damned OK. That's the real romance of *Manhattan*.

Baryshnikov at the NYC Ballet

Baryshnikov's astonishing move to the City Ballet—he has just finished his first season there—was a calculated risk on the part of a dancer of the highest caliber who is also a thorough professional, skilled at taking such risks. The gamble was whether he could fit in with City Ballet technique and style, the best and hardest in the world; he gambled that he could and he has won. He has danced 12 roles, eight of them new to him, and it has been a splendid and entirely absorbing spectacle. Of course it took more than calculation for the reigning superstar of ballet to dare to look inadequate on a ballet stage. Baryshnikov needed all his courage up at Saratoga last July when he tried Edward Villella's great role in *Rubies* and turned out not to be able to dance it at all well. But everything else worked and much was magnificent.

In *Rubies* Baryshnikov looked almost weirdly wrong and in the other roles where he was fine he has nevertheless looked very different from the other dancers on stage, and this has been for me the most interesting and moving thing about this first season. Forty-five years ago, with *Serenade*, Balanchine began teaching his dancers (who happened to be Americans) a new classical style, which has since revolutionized the way classical dancers present themselves, the way they look on stage, their acting, their style. Edwin Denby cited key elements of the style in 1947 when he wrote that "our ballet style" was

> *large, clear, accurate and unaffected . . . and particularly among the slender young girls remarkable for speed, toes and prowess; its phrasing is not very personal and George Balanchine has mentioned a kind of angelic unconcern toward emotion as being perhaps a special charm of American dancers.*

What I see now at the City Ballet seems to me the full flowering of this classical potential, preeminently in the dancing of Suzanne Farrell, but in Peter Martins too, in Bart Cook, in McBride, Ashley, Daniel Duell, Nichols and many others. City Ballet style has immense theatrical impact but so little theatrical wham that insensitive people sometimes find it non-theatrical; there is relatively little impersonation of character; and even a miraculous revitalization of ballet classicism like *Raymonda Variations* looks at the City Ballet so natural and easy and American that it might at first seem just

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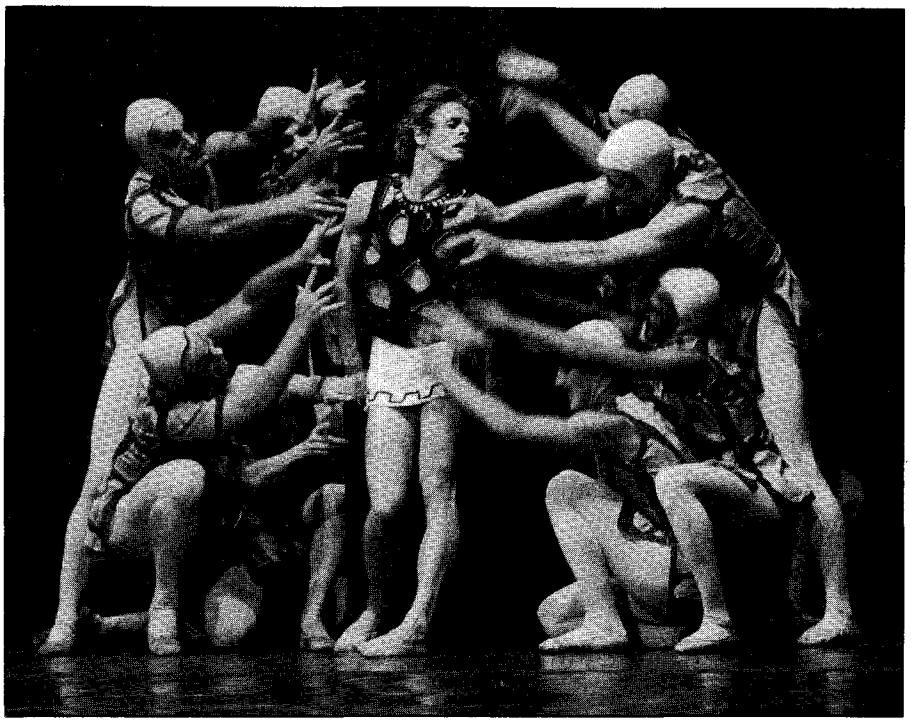
how our dancers behave rather than the brilliantly new high style that it actually is.

Against this style Baryshnikov at the moment looks rather old-fashioned, but not jarringly so, and this has the effect of making him seem especially sincere. His rich, full bodily powers and perfections turn out to be particularly legible against the new backdrop. And this is also the way his dance figures against my memories of Villella.

After seeing Baryshnikov's *The Prodigal Son,* I remembered that it had taken me awhile in the 1960s to accept Villella's performance in that role: the development of City Ballet style was complicated. When Balanchine revived his 1929 *Prodigal* in 1950 it was first danced (ineffectively, for my taste) by Jerome Robbins who was soon replaced by Francisco Moncion, and it was in this version that I came to know the ballet well. Moncion, with no brilliant classical technique, danced the prodigal with immense dignity, power and eloquent impassivity but this was style, not character. In 1960 Balanchine assigned the role to Villella and we saw why when we saw his revision of the opening scene. Balanchine used Villella's electric virtuosity to make dazzling large-scale dance imagery for the prodigal's rage for freedom. This opening was very exciting indeed, but Villella happened at the time entirely to lack Moncion's great gift for sustained intensity of movement or presence so he made little of the long agonized crawl back to the father, and because he couldn't really hold attention when he wasn't dancing brilliantly he also inadvertently released a wrong impersonation, that of the open sincere young American that he in fact was. While not ruinous, these weaknesses damaged the ballet seriously until Villella gradually developed his own way of commanding attention with sustained movement and with presence. And then, though he remained an open, sincere young American, he no longer gave that effect as an impersonation, you no longer *noticed* it, and again *The Prodigal Son* became a great New York City Ballet experience.

Villella created not so much a dramatic illusion as a commanding continuity and so the question whether it was acting or not, great acting or not, simply didn't arise—and this is one way to understand the famous fact that Balanchine doesn't want his dancers to "act." Likewise with *Harlequinade,* where Villella's relinquishing of any vestige of impersonation of the Harlequin figure beyond an occasional very slight body-tilt formed the very heart of Balanchine's precise recreation of classical ballet comedy style. Our American Villella's open and manly grace and good manners became the strong and certain center of the charm of this ballet.



Baryshnikov in *The Prodigal Son.* Photo by Don Bierman.

So it's no wonder that one worried what Baryshnikov would look like in these roles. At the moment, utterly incapable of American impersonality, Baryshnikov gives us a prodigal and a Harlequin in performances that are recognizably "acted." For me that proved to be entirely acceptable. Some of my friends found the opening of *Prodigal* too vehement and I regretted the loss of clarity and regularity in this scene in which, as Villella danced it, the great leaps and turns seemed to be emblems, at once exciting and cool, of the boy's rebellion—rather than actual gestures of emotion and intention. In comparison, the surge in Baryshnikov's leaps, the convulsiveness of his turns which intentionally fell off the balance that Villella had chosen to keep exactly, the scream of rebellion and fury that his body and face enacted—all this seemed less interesting stylistically than Villella's conception. But Baryshnikov's more explicit gestures held together within their own terms nor did they to my eyes and taste violate what surrounded them. On the TV program I thought the continuity flagged once or twice, but later in the season I saw a performance of sustained intensity that had to be called great acting in the traditional sense of the word—nor was it the less treasurable for seeming traditional.

In *Harlequinade* Baryshnikov recaptured Villella's velvety grace over the secret electricity, but unlike Villella he developed extensively the sinuous body configurations we remember from the photographs of Nijinsky in Fokine's *Carnival.* He moved straight ahead from this conception into mischievously silly and fantastic head movements which must be thought of as part of the role (since Balanchine has the little Harlequins perform them emphatically in their second act dance), but which Villella had only hinted at. These, together with many other elements of fantasy, made Baryshnikov's Harlequin mysteriously, sometimes eerily charming and gave his love-affair with Columbine an exotic eroticism: in partnering McBride (who danced beautifully with him) he joked with a sharper edge than Villella's in the middle of his tenderness, but the tenderness was correspondingly more intense—he was a more thrilling lover than Villella had chosen to be. Baryshnikov's leg-splits as he dropped to his knee in partnering in the finale were exquisitely strong, but they were also love gifts to Columbine and delectable symbols of his own happiness. His richly embellished style differed from its context but it was so secure that it seemed at home and became dramatically powerful and authoritative.

If Baryshnikov's style was less secure in his first New York City Ballet premiere, that seemed to me mainly the choreographer's fault. The new ballet,

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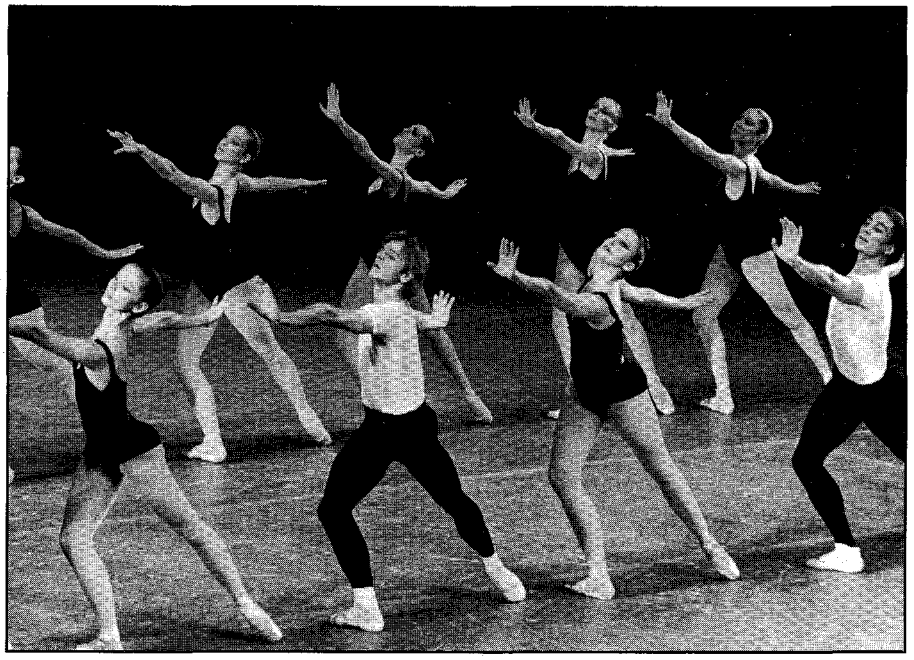
Robbins's *The Four Seasons*, better than anything he has done since *Dances at a Gathering* except for the slow movement of *In G Major*; and "Spring," which he showed last season in *A Sketch Book*, is attractively large and natural and it's skillfully and generously crafted to display two wonderful young dancers, Kyra Nichols and Daniel Duell. But the ballet as a whole is nevertheless recognizably Robbins and the part for Baryshnikov in "Autumn" is emphatically Robbins in the sense that something is seriously wrong with its tone. "Autumn" is a bacchanale, and to those who know Lavrosky's foolish but enjoyable *Walpurgis Night* at the Bolshoi, Robbins's piece seems to hover pointlessly between three attitudes toward the Bolshoi piece and its style: tribute, affectionate spoof, and mean parody. I think this confused Baryshnikov. Instead of a straightforward performance, in which he would easily have achieved something comparable to Vasiliev's golden fullness (which is very much worth achieving), he tainted the whole thing with a slight whiff of camp. This had diminished in the second performance but I still didn't feel enough open joyousness, nor could Robbins, of course, teach him anything like Balanchine's elegant witty irony. Robbins gave him terrific virtuoso assignments—multiple spins (breathtakingly punctuated by little sautes), stag-leaps, air turns. I much admired them but they gave me a charge instead of lift. It could have seemed a nice joke, like a cheerful hazing, to bring Baryshnikov all the way from the Kirov to the New York Stage Theatre and then make him dance a Bolshoi specialty, but for me it turned sour.

Then, the night after this premiere, came a wonderful weekend which brought to a peak my pleasure in watching this great artist fit into this great company. On Friday there was Melancholic in *The Four Temperaments*, on Saturday matinee there were, back to back, *Other Dances* and *The Steadfast Tin Soldier* and then on Saturday evening the great *Prodigal* I've already mentioned. For us City Ballet regulars the high points were in *The Four Temperaments:* in the commitment with which he ran in with Bonnefous to support Neary in the finale, in the way he poured his full body strength into the thrusts of the final line-up. The way his whole performance of the role differed from Bart Cook's brought me back to that magical moment when Allegra Kent, Mimi Paul and Suzanne Farrell were all dancing the slow movement of Symphony in C in the same seasons. What riches! Cook's Melancholic is far more flexibly stretched and more yearningly "giving" in its total configuration, but Baryshnikov's goes in another direction: it's denser, more weightily intent and in the three big sudden falls to the floor more pointedly dramatic, without contravening the great work's impersonality. As Balanchine is supposed to have said, the City Ballet has a good new dancer.



Scene from *Four Temperaments*. Photo by Martha Swope.

Robert Garis

Robert Garis has written about dance for *Partisan Review, Dance Life* and other publications.

The Brothers Mann: The Lives of Heinrich and Thomas Mann, 1871-1950, 1875-1955 by Nigel Hamilton

(Yale University Press; $16.95)

Given the favoring contingencies of heredity and environment, it should not surprise us to encounter more than one established author within the same family, notably the recent Nobel Prize winner and his late brother I. J. Singer. Such a situation may have been sustained by various patterns of interaction, both domestic and professional, as in the mutual supportiveness of the Brontës or the Goncourts. It can also bring out invidious comparisons: the worthy Thomas Corneille was far outdistanced by his illustrious elder, Pierre, even as the easy-going Alec Waugh would be by his crotchety junior, Evelyn. The conjunction that has called forth this dual biography, according to its author, may be regarded as "the most significant literary brotherhood of all time." Nigel Hamilton is not sparing with superlatives, and all time might turn out to be an uncomfortable stretch from the vantage point of mere mortality. Critics are not much accustomed to imagine writers walking in fraternal pairs toward the ark of posthumous fame. Yet once he has set up his category, Mr. Hamilton has a strong case. As brothers the Manns stand unique in the quality and the individuality of their work, in the depths and

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heights of their sibling rivalry, and in their respective involvements with the history of the 20th century.

Materials for a study of this sort have become increasingly abundant, many of them stemming from the Heinrich Mann Archiv in East Berlin or the Thomas Mann Archiv in Zurich. Their correspondence has been duly edited, and they figure vividly in contemporary memoirs ranging from the eulogistic to the polemical. Eloquently and extensively both men placed their views on public record; both wrote fiction which draws deeply from immediate experience; even their non-literary brother Viktor wrote an informal volume of family history, *Wir waren fünf* (*We Were Five*). Thomas left an autobiographical sketch, and Heinrich a book-length autobiography, as did the precocious and all-too-short-lived son of Thomas, Klaus. Heinrich's friend Alfred Kantorowicz published an impressionistic but documented account of the brothers' relationship a year after Thomas's death. A German monograph on the dialectical interplay of their ideas by André Banuls—more systematic and penetrating than Mr. Hamilton's summaries and quotations—is not listed in the latter's skimpy bibliography, which does include M. Banuls's French dissertation, *Heinrich Mann: Le Poète et la politique*. The title of his monograph suggests the direction a modern Plutarch must take in tracing these parallel lives. In spite of primogeniture, it is called *Thomas Mann und sein Bruder Heinrich*.

Each of them—Heinrich four years ahead of Thomas—lived through just about eight decades. For Thomas, who had not expected to live beyond 70, those extra 10 years were remarkably productive and honorific. Heinrich's last decade, spent unrecognized and unacclimatized in the United States, was unhappy, sickly and lonely, especially after his second wife's suicide. His voluminous list of publications is longer than that of Thomas, always the more meditative stylist. Yet nearly everything that Thomas wrote was soon translated and widely circulated in the Anglo-American sphere. Heinrich may have belatedly been greeted with a compensatory vogue in Russian translation, but few of his books were made available in English. As chance would have it, his widest impact was indirectly attained when his novel *Professor Unrat* was adapted to the screen 25 years after publication; and that smashing film version, *The Blue Angel*, would be associated with him less publicly than with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, Josef von Sternberg and Carl Zuckmayer. It was an irony of the double circumstances that he had been a thoroughgoing internationalist almost from the beginning, while Thomas had originally been steeped in nationalism, from which he became emancipated gradually and painfully, through historical pressure and following Heinrich's active example.

Thus Heinrich, in a letter to the French interpreter of German literature, Félix Bertaux, disclaimed the quest for "timelessness," which would be the later course of Thomas. Heinrich's lifelong Francophilia had prompted him to attempt what he believed was lacking, what Thomas disclaimed for himself, a timely fictional critique of German society à la Stendhal or Zola. It was launched in his second novel, *Im Schlaraffenland* (*The Land of Cockaigne*), dealing with the Berlin of 1900, and perhaps most effectively pursued in *Der Untertan* (*Man of Straw* or, more literally rendered, *The Underling*), a satire on and an epilogue to the Wilhelminian ideology, which could not have been released before the collapse of imperial Germany. This will explain why, though writing in cosmopolitan detachment, he could not so easily appeal to the non-German reader. Thomas on the other hand, though by no means uncritical, had started from an intense concern with his traditional roots. These had been proudly attached to Lübeck, the free Hanseatic city now decaying, whose leading burgher had been their senatorial father. Their family's rise and decline provided the theme of *Buddenbrooks*, which made him famous at 26, one year after *Im Schlaraffenland*, and would win him the Nobel Prize in 1929 (when the citation of the capricious Swedish Academy pointedly ignored his subsequent accomplishments).

Buddenbrooks was followed in 1903 by *Tonio Kröger*, his most popular novella, which gravitated toward the maternal side of the Mann's heritage. To the Latin strain in their half-Brazilian mother he attributed a recoil from ancestral burgherdom and an inclination for the more open and sensuous purlieus of the arts. Heinrich, the eldest child, had already rebelled against the mercantile ethic, and the adolescent Thomas had begun to share his bookish interests, when the senator died suddenly in his prime, leaving resigned instructions to

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liquidate the three-generation grain firm. The dowager Frau Senator took the significant step of moving her children from the northern seaport to the warmer and richer atmosphere of Munich. She continued there as matriarch for more than 30 years, subsidizing Heinrich's first novel, encouraging Thomas in his vocation for literature, and trying her best to keep the peace between her "god-gifted boys." She was far less happy with her two daughters, both of whom—pursuing different paths—were destined for self-destruction. Carla, the youngest, who had vainly sought to succeed as an actress, was particularly close to the bohemian Heinrich. Thomas, writing to him for the family, bitterly and rather unsympathetically, took her death as a betrayal of their common bonds: "I cannot help feeling that she had no right to leave us."

Meanwhile Thomas had himself become thoroughly committed to domesticity. Except for a crush on a fellow schoolboy (reflected in the Polish youths of *Death in Venice* and *The Magic Mountain*), he did not fall in love until he met the bright and beautiful Katja Pringsheim, only daughter of a Jewish professorial family, whose elegant home was frequently the scene of musicales and intellectual gatherings. After a romantic courtship, she became the most devoted of wives and mothers, graciously stabilizing his existence and that of their six talented children during the years when they would be uprooted and harassed. She had been reluctantly accepted by Thomas's mother; and, though she would succor Heinrich in his old age, their conversation never relaxed from the formal pronoun *Sie*. He, in restless contrast, got little satisfaction from unsettled love affairs and two uncongenial marriages. Thomas composed his lightest novel, *Royal Highness*, as an allegorical celebration of his own princely marriage. He was somewhat loath to see Heinrich read it, since Heinrich too had been assigned a part in the allegory: that of the Archduke Albrecht, intellectually superior but neurotically shy, who abdicates in favor of his younger brother, Klaus Heinrich. The ascendant prince, more of an average person, can therefore profess himself ready "to stand at your side and to represent you to the people."

Long afterward, after their ways had parted and come together again, Heinrich could echo that distinction, remarking that Thomas had been born "to represent—not to reject." Accordingly it must have been harder for him to relinquish his Teutonic ideals than it was for Heinrich, that inveterate iconoclast. Temperamentally the brotherly conflict may have been latent from the beginning: in the older child's jealousy of the new baby, in the junior's ambivalent awe of his big brother. Mr. Hamilton points to Heinrich's story about a boy who gives up playing a violin because his little brother has broken one of its strings (Thomas, as a young man, was considered a fairly good violinist). The leitmotif took responding forms in Thomas's imagination—most expressly, near the outset of the Joseph tetralogy, with the archetypal opposition of the insider Jacob and the outsider Esau. Indeed, his magisterial essay on Goethe and Tolstoy, by its hinted self-identification with one or another of its titular figures, implicitly casts Heinrich in the complementary role of Schiller or Dostoevsky. This may be an aggrandizement for Thomas, who tended to look upon himself in an Olympian light; but it is scarcely disparaging to Heinrich, who was habituated to taking a Titanic stance. And the myth has an unclassical sequel when Jove, toppled from his Olympus, joins forces with Prometheus.

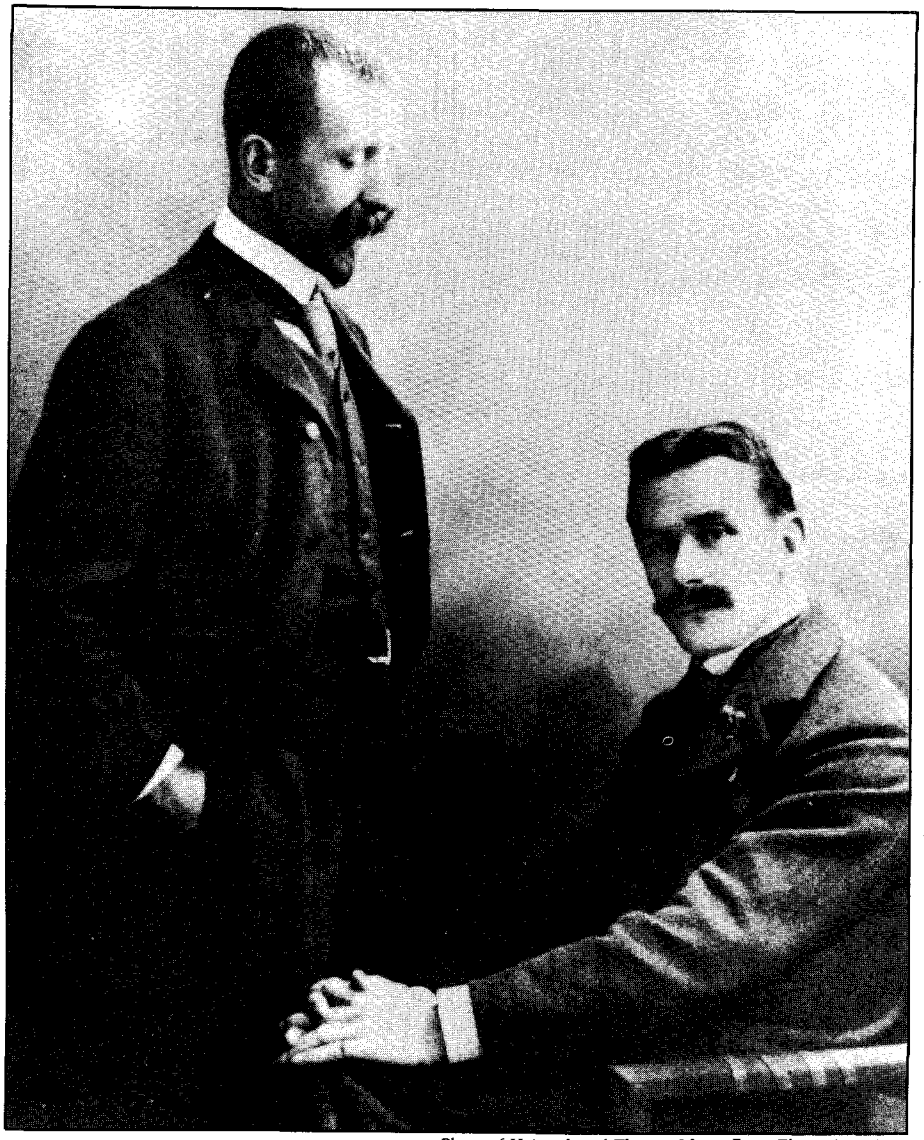

Photo of Heinrich and Thomas Mann. From *The Brothers Mann.*

Though their destinies were tied together by reciprocal admiration, respect and often pride, those ties were strained to a breaking point by political divergence. It is characteristic of Heinrich that he passed much of his early career in Italy, where he came to feel more at home than in the fatherland. Thomas had accompanied him there on one or two friendly vacations, but he felt more and more closely identified with Germanic tradition as he conceived it. The *Brüderkrieg* inevitably broke out with the war itself in 1914. Both were heavily engaged in wartime journalism: a more difficult engagement for Heinrich as a pacifist, a liberal turning radical, albeit never a Marxist. Thomas viewed his patriotic function as that of a conservative spokesman. His voice became shriller, his arguments more extreme, with racist overtones and allusions to a

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"Third Reich," as Germany was moving toward defeat. Frederick the Great was his hero, where Heinrich's was Voltaire. When Heinrich somehow managed to publish his essay on Zola, his own "*J'accuse* against the imperialistic war," Thomas insisted on taking it as a personal affront. There ensued an angry exchange of letters, wherein it must be said that Heinrich—though obviously perplexed and hurt—was seeking some mode of *rapprochement*, while Thomas—possibly because his cause was losing—remained intransigent in his rebuff.

Having earlier been exempted from military service, he offered his contribution to the war effort in *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen* (*Reflections of a Non-Political Man*). Happily, this unwieldy tract has never been translated. It resumes the dialogue with Heinrich in the familiar terms of nationalistic generalizations: artist versus man of letters, music versus rhetoric, German culture versus French civilization. Apologia rather than propaganda, it appeared one month before the Armistice. Retrospectively Thomas admitted his subjective approach: "the problem of the German nation was beyond a doubt my own." On the higher plane of postwar internationalism, debate would be resumed in *The Magic Mountain*; but here the "non-political" opinions would be assigned to the reactionary authoritarian Naphta and countered by the rhetorical liberalism of Settembrini, who maintains that "everything is politics"—thereby provoking a lyrical protest from William Butler Yeats. Mr. Hamilton, while reminding us that the ebullient Peeperkorn may have been modeled on Gerhardt Hauptmann, does not indicate that the Jewish Jesuit was inspired by Georg Lukács, or that the Italian humanist might have prefigured Mann's anti-fascist son-in-law, G. A. Borgese. At all events, the brothers had been reconciled during Heinrich's serious illness, and would embrace in public on the occasion of Thomas's 50th birthday.

Henceforth, as Bruno Frank would slyly note, they would pay ceremonial tributes to each other "every ten years." However, in the controversies of the Weimar period, the unpolitical ironist aligned himself with his activist brother. Heinrich was chairman of the literary section of the Berlin Academy until forced to resign. Thomas, after proclaiming acceptance of the republic, pressed beyond social democracy to downright socialism—toward a radicalism, Heinrich would say, more advanced than his own. He castigated the growing Nazi movement with peculiar fervor because it so grotesquely parodied his Germanic loyalties. Mr. Hamilton tells us that both brothers left Germany "within three weeks" of Hitler's appointment as chancellor in January 1933. Actually, it was within three months: Heinrich in February, Thomas in March. Heinrich had burned his bridges spectacularly; as a seasoned expatriate, he was conditioned for exile. Thomas, as René Schickele commented, had not been brought up to be a martyr. He was in Switzerland, resting from a lecture tour, when friends warned him against returning. For three years he waited in silence, largely because of his Jewish publisher's plans for a German edition of *Joseph*, under mounting criticism from other refugees. It was when he spoke out, boldly, generously and effectually, proposing the imprisoned Carl von Ossietzsky for the Nobel Peace Prize, that he was deprived of citizenship.

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He could have retorted, like Coriolanus when the gates of Rome were closed against him: "I banish you!" In effect he did, with *Lotte in Weimar* (*The Beloved Returns*), through a monologue which imitated Goethe's style and thought so plausibly that it would be quoted as authentic during the Nuremburg trials. Repeatedly he alluded to Heinrich, himself and the intellectual diaspora as "the real Germany." It was an obligation the brothers fulfilled by completing their most substantial and affirmative works of fiction while in banishment. Heinrich's two-volume historical novel warmly depicted France's Henry V as a full-bodied model of humane leadership and ecumenical tolerance, ultimately victimized in the cross-fire between the Saint Bartholomew massacre and the Edict of Nantes. *Joseph and His Brothers* traversed a much longer distance, historically and geographically, yet it came back to immediacies by deriving from Jewish lore and by testing and expanding the concept of brotherhood. The final reconciliation of the estranged brethren all but sets off a chorus in the background, singing Schiller's words to Beethoven's music: "*Alle Menschen werden Brüder*." Thomas gave a grimmer twist to this pervasive theme when, rejecting the simplistic notion of good and bad Germans, he entitled an article on Hitler, "This Man Is My Brother." The complexity of the German problem, in its cultural strengths and social weaknesses, would be addressed most directly in his testamentary novel, *Doctor Faustus*.

His depiction of Egypt, in the last of the Joseph novels, was affected by his sojourn in America; out of his admiration for Franklin D. Roosevelt, he put something of the New Deal into Joseph's economic stewardship. Mr. Hamilton's treatment of Thomas's 14 years in this country, eight of them as a naturalized citizen, seems sketchy and remote. Heinrich, now a Czech citizen, worked in France as long as possible, doing much to organize and coordinate the protest, recognized among fellow dissidents as "the uncrowned President of the Fourth Reich." He became a lost man after he had to flee from the continent, whereas the American prestige of Thomas made him a more effective comrade-in-arms, energetically pamphleteering and broadcasting in the anti-Nazi cause. His was a notable presence in academic and emigré circles. But with the peace and its subsequent reaction, the cold war, he was less and less inclined to stay. Heinrich, had his health permitted, would have ended his days in East Germany. Two years after Heinrich's death, Thomas returned to live out the last three years of his life in Europe—but not in the fatherland. There he had come under slanderous counterattack from newly vocal writers, who glibly accused him of having escaped from the totalitarianism that they had silently survived. His second exile terminated in neutral Switzerland, whence between the wars he had risen to the cosmopolite overview of his *Magic Mountain*.

Mr. Hamilton virtually disqualifies himself as a serious critic when he describes that brooding masterwork as "the European parallel to Scott Fitzgerald's winsome, supple portrait of the Jazz Age." He should be informed too that her father's untranslated poem on the birth of Elisabeth (not Elizabeth) Mann, *Gesang vom Kindchen* (*Song of the Little Child*), was written not in blank verse but dactylic hexameters, the meter of Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea* and Longfellow's *Evangeline*—not to mention Homer or Vergil. Sometimes his historical details are misleading or mistaken: the expressionistic playwright Ernst Toller, unlike his friend Kurt Eisner, never was prime minister of the brief Bavarian Free State. And it is an embarrassment to confuse the apocryphal Erik Erikson who signed a scurrilous pamphlet against Thomas Mann with the distinguished psychoanalyst of that name. Since this book first appeared in England a year ago, there can be little excuse for not correcting—at the very least—the misprints. The index and the referential notes let the reader down at times, as does the style. Yet the author deserves his meed of credit for bringing together much that has heretofore been separately discussed, thereby adding another dimension to both careers. Above all, he has maintained the balance between them with an even hand; and that has the additional merit of gaining more attention for the neglected Heinrich Mann from the English-reading public.

Harry Levin

Harry Levin is Irving Babbitt Professor of Comparative Literature at Harvard and author of *Memories of the Moderns* to be published by New Directions.

Franklin D. Roosevelt and American Foreign Policy: 1932-1945
by Robert Dallek

(Oxford; $19.95)

The revisionist wand, having raised from obloquy such dubious figures as Harry Truman and Herbert Hoover, has not yet touched Franklin Roosevelt. The man that millions loved, and others loved to hate, still remains in relative eclipse. The New Deal, which once looked like a blueprint for social democracy, now seems little more than a patchwork of haphazard and carelessly conceived experiments. Nor is the foreign affairs record particularly inspiring.

Once hailed as a diplomatist of vision and cunning, FDR has come under attack for deliberately provoking a confrontation with Japan; timidly acquiescing in the destruction of Spanish democracy; showing callous indifference to the eradication of European Jewry, naiveté toward the Vichy regime and vindictiveness toward de Gaulle; conniving with Churchill in the restoration of right-wing regimes in Italy and Greece; herding American citizens of Japanese descent into what he himself termed "concentration camps," and undermining civil liberties through illegal wiretaps and FBI investigations.

The problem with FDR's diplomacy is not, as the Neanderthal right used to charge, that he deviously led the United States into war and then sold out the peace at Yalta. Rather it is that he did not have a clear idea of where he was going, that his famous gift for improvisation led him to pursue policies that were inconsistent and often contradictory, and that his fear of alienating public opinion caused him to temporize and even to abdicate responsibility when he should have been resolute and

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forthright. The deviousness that was FDR's stock-in-trade not only allowed him to neutralize his opponents by playing them off against one another, but also concealed a striking superficiality about foreign affairs.

Why, for example, did he insist on following a confrontation course with Japan in the late 1930s when it was obvious that the far greater threat to American security interests lay in aggressive nazism? Why did he refuse to lift the arms embargo to save the Spanish Republic when he would have had significant congressional support for doing so? Why did he acquiesce in the State Department's rigid barriers to Jewish immigration in the late 1930s and later refuse to bomb the railway lines into the death camps? Why did he connive with Vichy long after it ceased to be politically expedient to do so and persistently refuse to recognize the legitimacy of the Gaullist resistance movement?

To review FDR's record is to realize that he was not a titan with his eye permanently glued on the national interest, but in many respects a conjurer, an improviser and a pace-setter for the imperial presidency. Now that the dust around Yalta has settled, and such questions as aid to Chiang Kai-shek can be viewed as historical curiosities, one can look at FDR with all his warts and without his halo. The effort is considerably easier if one does not have to deal with the compelling and powerful personality that has invariably either captivated or enraged his biographers. FDR was larger than life and, like John F. Kennedy, all things to all men. The personality was so intermingled with the policies that it has been difficult to disentangle them.

Robert Dallek, an historian at UCLA too young to have been mesmerized by the FDR legend, has stepped back and looked at the historical record. With awesome thoroughness and scrupulous fairness he has reconstructed the world stage during the FDR years, examined the forces operating upon the president, and analyzed the reasons why FDR behaved the way he did. Although obviously admiring of Roosevelt, Dallek makes no excuses for FDR's more egregious lapses. His acceptance of Britain's lead in the Spanish Civil War, his sanction of wiretaps and mail openings, his wartime internment of the Nisei and his timorous response to the plight of the persecuted Jews were, Dallek admits, "unnecessary and destructive compromises of legal and moral principles."

Such principles, however, were never FDR's strong point, for he was by nature a dissembler, a schemer, a deceiver. The important question is not whether he behaved duplicitously, which is undeniable, but whether he had a clear understanding of what he was doing. Was he simply an opportunist who reacted spasmodically to events and the advice of confidantes—as much of his domestic policy and his approach to international currency stabilization seemed to indicate? Or was he a canny diplomatist with his eye firmly glued on the national interest, always sure where he was going even though he took his passengers on a circuitous route to prevent them from bailing out?

From Dallek the answer is clear. FDR's refusal to oppose Nazi and Italian aggression in the 1930s lay not in indecisiveness, isolationism or appeasement, but in a "determination to retain his ability to influence crucial developments at home." Only if he could command popular support could he lead the nation into intervention on behalf of the Allies. Dallek concludes:

> *His appreciation that effective action abroad required a reliable consensus at home and his use of dramatic events overseas to win national backing from a divided country for a series of pro-Allied steps were among the great presidential achievements of this century.*

This view helps explain some of the otherwise perplexing aspects of FDR's diplomacy. For example, why did he deliberately provoke Tokyo, first by cutting off her oil and raw materials and then by refusing to negotiate a *modus vivendi* over China, at a time when Nazi Germany was bidding to dominate Europe? Was this a Pavlovian response to the old Open Door syndrome? Or did he believe that provoking the Japanese was the best way of breaking down isolationist opposition to entry into the European war? As FDR later told Churchill and Stalin, if it "had not been for the Japanese attack, he would have had great difficulty in getting the American people into the war." FDR may well have been right in believing, as Dallek points out, that to have acquiesced in Japan's domination of China would have "weakened the national resolve to confront fascist powers outside of the western hemisphere." This does not make FDR's policy any less duplicitous, but it does explain why he picked a fight over an issue of marginal concern—the territorial integrity of China—at a time when the United

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States faced a far more serious security threat in Europe.

Devious, cautious and superficial as a diplomatist during the 1930s, FDR finally came into his own during the war. Although sometimes given to flights of fancy—as in his plan to send an American army to the Middle East—or to vindictive petulance—as in his treatment of de Gaulle—he was a resolute and clear-sighted wartime leader. At Yalta he gave up what he had to, and nothing more. Although once a Wilsonian idealist, he realized that peace rested on great-power agreements, not on votes in the United Nations. He was determined to keep the wartime alliance together as long as possible, yielding the Soviets their unavoidable sphere of influence in Eastern Europe, while orchestrating an American peace (with a compliant Britain and China providing the continuo) throughout the world.

Whether or not one fully accepts Dallek's admiring view of Roosevelt as diplomatist, all students of foreign affairs must remain in his debt for the diligence of his research, the objectivity of his analysis, the thoroughness and intellectual integrity of his treatment. This is diplomatic history at a very high level. Although I would like to have seen Dallek step into the fray a bit more, be more argumentative and deal with some of the revisionist critiques of FDR's diplomacy, particularly on economic issues, that would have meant a different kind of book—more contentious and no doubt less thorough. Within the parameters he sets out, he has succeeded admirably, producing a book that will become a landmark in its field, indispensable to scholars and critical to our understanding of American foreign policy.

Ronald Steel

Ronald Steel is visiting lecturer in government this spring at the University of Texas at Austin. His biography of Walter Lippmann will be published next year by Little, Brown.

The Flight to Lucifer: A Gnostic Fantasy by Harold Bloom

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $8.95)

Literary critics, even very good ones, tend to write second-rate novels, and novelists, even very good ones, tend to write second-rate literary criticism; but there is no doubt which class of writers feels worse about this unequal balance of trades. Criticism, after all, is *already* a secondary (though not second-rate) act, and the man who spends his life and talents in homage to and explication of the primary texts of our culture can be understood in his desire to add something to the list of those texts—and in his bitterness at failing to do so.

George Bernard Shaw gets credit for being the first to record the simplest explanation of this phenomenon, i.e. he who can, does, and he who can't, teaches. But that explanation may be a little too simple. It may be that criticism and creation, for our culture, seem so mutually contradictory just because they are inescapably the same thing, and because we in our outdated epistemology insist on keeping separate what is fundamentally unitary, the business of reading or *misreading* as the common enterprise of both critic and creator.

That, at any rate, is the radically revisionist literary theory of Harold Bloom, professor of the humanities at Yale University, certainly the most controversial, possibly the most brilliant literary critic of his age, an embattled and preeminent reader in other men's fictions and now, with the publication of *The Flight to Lucifer*, a novelist.

Literary criticism is not a profession that allows for a high quotient of risk. How can a "reading," after all, be daring? And yet Bloom has managed to make criticism—for the first time in a long time—risky, to the degree that he is attacked in print with a vituperativeness usually called forth only by pornographers and heresiarchs. Books like *The Anxiety of Influence* (1974), *A Map of Misreading* (1975), *Kabbalah and Criticism* (1976), and especially the magisterial study of Wallace Stevens, *The Poems of Our Climate* (1977), have articulated a sense of poetry, not as something men attain to, but as something men *do*, that involves the elementary assertion that every writer, poet, critic or hack, writes out of his indebtedness to his major influences or "precursors," and that the writer's major struggle is always to assimilate, overcome and survive his major precursors. All poets are literary historians *in their poetry*, and all critics are poets in their reading (and inevitable misreading) of their chosen texts.

What makes Bloom such an important critic, though, is not just his insistence upon this basic and terrifying fact of reading, but his resolute identification of the business of reading with the business of growing up, and the business of looking for salvation. The writer's quest to overcome his precursors is a model or a reflection of the son's quest to overcome the father, or of the mystic's quest to overcome by becoming the Father, to assimilate the Unknown by assimilating himself to the Unknowable. In other words—and this is probably the main reason he is so controversial—Bloom is serious about reading and writing as spiritual disciplines. He *really believes* that reading poems aright is a way of saving your soul.

Thus, *The Flight to Lucifer*, subtitled *A Gnostic Fantasy*, part of whose brilliance, at least, is its gay and arrogant acceptance of its own limitations, its own belatedness. It is a lyrical, maybe even a too forbiddingly lyrical, science-fiction romance that repeats, in the key of fiction, what Bloom has been arguing all along about human existence—i.e. literary, self-conscious existence—in the key of criticism. It is a pastiche of quotations, allusions and borrowings from the Gnostic mysteries, the Kabbalah, Milton, Blake and the whole range of romantic and post-romantic poetry. It is difficult reading, sternly avoiding the comforting details of everyday reality, with which fantastic fiction usually coats the elements of myth (the bread, cheese and beer so frequent, so distinctive, and so finally disingenuous in C. S. Lewis or J. R. R. Tolkien). It is anachronistic, written as if most of the distinctive techniques and prejudices of the modern novel had never been invented. It is also rich and brilliant.

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The Flight to Lucifer is, first of all, the story of the flight to Lucifer. Olam, an *aeon* or benevolent supernatural being, comes to Earth to enlist the help of two human beings in his struggle against the evil Demiurge, the second-rate and repressive god who has made this world—*our* world—a botched replica of what life might really, at its best, be like. The humans Olam chooses are Valentinus, a reincarnation of that Valentinus who was the greatest of third-century AD Gnostic thinkers, and Thomas Perscors, an angry, impulsive giant of a man who is—though he does not know it—a reincarnation of Primal Man, Man as he was before the Fall, Man in the full glory and joy of his existence.

These three fly to the planet Lucifer to do battle with the Demiurge (who is named Ialdabaoth or Jehovah on Earth but Sklas on Lucifer) and to reclaim, in their various ways, the aboriginal freedom and heroism which has been clouded and obscured by the moralistic snares, the casuistic hypocrisies, of the Demiurge. Olam searches for the "place of the Pleroma," the rediscovery of the first of all places and first of all beings, that being that existed before existence itself splintered into separateness and difference. Valentinus searches for memory, for the recollection of his past selves and their continuity with one another that will give him a clue to the emergence of the present out of the past, and therefore a clue to the total sense of the present. Perscors searches for his own fate, searches to discover himself as truly Primal Man, as truly the Hero of his own life story—and therefore to discover himself as authentic, even at the moment of his death.

The quests of the three heroes, in other words, are quests for the purification of reason, memory and will, the three crucial parts of the soul according to Plato and St. Thomas. Or, better yet, they are versions of Jung's idea of the syzygy: the rational self holding the personality together (Olam); the anima, or feminine, imaginative, prophetic part of the soul (Valentinus); the animus, or masculine, questing, searching, battling part of the self (Perscors)—and the dark side of the personality which, however unpleasant or demonic it might be, still has to be accepted as an inevitable feature of any truly unified, truly human self (the Demiurge, in Bloom's novel).

Every science fiction novel is about the present, no matter how far in the future it is set, and every science fiction novel is about our world, no matter on what world its action takes place. Bloom knows this as well as anyone, and his Lucifer is, of course, our Earth: but our Earth imagined as a landscape of armed camps whose banners are the banners of the contending mystery religions of the first three centuries of the Christian era, Manichaeans, Mithraists, Marcionites, etc. But this is not to say that *The Flight to Lucifer* is merely antiquarian fantasy. For all the heresies of that age are, as Bloom makes clear, versions of our still confused, still gladiatorial, and still uncertain struggle: the central struggle, to make sense out of our own accidental life, or to find in your nonce, nonsense existence some meaning that might give you not only a geneology but a history, not only a reason but a purpose.

This is the common quest that unites Bloom's three elemental questers in *The Flight to Lucifer*, and the achievement of his book is to remind us that it is both a religious and a literary search. Gnosticism, the curious mystery religion of the first centuries AD, was in many ways a preternaturally self-conscious version of the essential Christian paradox of personality. For the Gnostic, the World is a failed, botched creation (the work of the Demiurge) that nonetheless retains some traces, however smirched and obscured, of the divine handiwork after which it is patterned. Man as he now exists is the shattered image of the godlike creature that was Primal Man, before the catastrophe of the Fall.

Bloom's novel, in many ways, is probably the closest approach we can enjoy to what the original Gnostic sensibility must have been like. He is steeped in this sensibility, and courageous enough to present it without apologies and without diffident, "literary" embellishments. As a result, *The Flight to Lucifer* frequently reads strangely: not like a novel in English, but like a translation—precise and faithful in its words but brutally, deliberately uncompromising in its style—from some harsh and ancient language.

But—and this is the point of all fictions, finally—it *works*, as the whole structure of *The Flight to Lucifer* works. The Gnostic myth should lead us to a perception of our elemental freedom as primal man: Bloom's novel is a story of earthling characters trying to discover (or remember) that they are in fact varieties of primal man; the novel as an anthology of allusions to and quotations from other romantic sources tries, *as a work of literature*, to reinvoke and thereby reinstate the power of the primary texts of our culture. The quest for salvation is also the quest to become a father even though you have to start out by being a son.

That is, finally, what *The Flight to Lucifer* is about. But it is an heroic narrative that is also extemely self-conscious of itself as an heroic narrative. And its quest for primacy, its narrated tale of the search for authenticity, is also—inevitably, since Bloom is such a brilliant and such a

HALFLIVES

After the third day, ash began to sift
Like snow in a bottle on the steepled town
—Or, to be precise, on steeples' stumps.
A crust formed on the mud caked where the shore was.
Then dark rains turned this matter spongeish. No
Tale of ancient wanderers' travails
Conceived a Nature so intolerant:
Daylong the hot winds howl, by dark drear sludge
And ruins melded into foetid clay,
Leafless, no bird riffling the unshadowed sky—
Deep in the bunkhouse, canned food almost gone,
His eye at the eyepiece of the periscope
Fixed on the shore . . . the spongey mass turns mauve,
Take shapes like mouth-like algae, eats itself,
Seeps to shore, spreads tendrils, stretches tubes
Or stems that ooze out jellied leaves. 'All clear,'
He thinks not speaking lest he break the quiet
Now after the first delivery.
The final bulb grows dimmer, then flicks out.
She hasn't wakened from her deep sleep yet
At her breast it grubs, twitching all its claws.

Daniel Hoffman

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profound reader of other men's books—a story of *reading*, an allegory about the reader's quest to comprehend, assimilate and use the poetic tradition to which he is heir. The book is both a complex fiction by a major critic, and a serious criticism of the possibilities and limits of fiction. Referring back to the observation with which we began, we can say that Harold Bloom is a major critic who has become, if not yet a major novelist, at least a novelist of real and distinctive gifts: gifts which would not have been there if not for the discipline and the genius of his accomplishments as a critic.

Frank McConnell

Frank McConnell is an associate professor of English at Northwestern University and author, most recently, of *Four Postwar American Novelists: Bellow, Mailer, Barth and Pynchon* (University of Chicago).

Testimony and Demeanor
Stories by John Casey

(Alfred A. Knopf; $8.95)

This slender collection is made up of four stories—three stories, really, and one novella, "Connaissance des Arts"—that are linked by their common theme: the destruction of the "pleasant distance" at which their young heroes live from the rest of the world. College-educated (roughly in the years 1957-61), intelligent, self-conscious, Casey's young men are all the same young man, like the hero of "Mandarins in a Farther Field," who is characterized by a superior as "bright but not too bright."

The Casey hero is articulate, inclined toward irony (mainly self-irony), rather lonely, given to the "lawyer-like habit" of being an objective observer in the "vortex of other people's passions"; his love affairs, at least as Casey chooses to present them, are elliptical, impersonal, and somewhat unconvincing—especially as they are inclined to take place between paragraphs of chaste, self-conscious prose. He is a dull bureaucrat in Washington, or an uninspired teaching assistant in English at the University of Iowa, or a young lawyer toiling away (15 hours a day is his usual dreary schedule) in a New York law firm whose services are for hire by "fat cats [who want] to stay fat." The fastidiousness of his observations and the lean, temperate prose in which Casey presents them suggest that the Casey hero is a superior person in terms of sensibility if not courage or imagination—but he judges himself harshly, and fears that, though he is still young, the only genuine value in his life is the preservation of a personal status quo. "Me in my right place," as the HEW bureaucrat says wryly. "I was apparently ready to work for twenty years—or, as they used to say around the office, work for one year twenty times."

John Casey's first novel, *An American Romance*, published in 1977, was characterized by a raw, formless, aggressively "American" naturalism—unfashionable at a time when the average young writer was industriously imitating, with varying degrees of success, Beckett, Borges, Marquez, or their numerous American counterparts. The novel was widely and enthusiastically discussed, for though it certainly had many flaws, its authenticity was unmistakable, and the very nature of its rough, first-draft-like construction gave it an appeal lacking in more "sophisticated" works. Having lived through an interminable Iowa winter with the self-centered, ambitious, wisecracking Anya and her lover Mac and their commune friends, having been a witness to innumerable fragmented scenes and bloated introspective episodes, the reader is convinced that everything happened exactly as Casey says it did: the reader is even convinced, at least intermittently, that Casey's heroes should be taken as seriously as they take themselves. What was "romantic" about the undertaking was not so much the touching, homespun myths both Anya and Mac create about themselves, and about Iowa, but the very nature of the story itself—a detailed, *very* detailed account of the experiences (including meals and carpentry and "philosophical" discussions as well as irreparable losses) of a group of some eight or 10 young people involved in a small theater near Iowa City. That Anya Janek with her inflated notions of her self-worth and her frequent cheerless acts of promiscuity was meant by Casey to represent the "new woman"—the "woman of the 1970s"—is problematic; but the novel was rich enough, and ambiguous enough, to accommodate any number of interpretations. It was a substantial achievement, and introduced a writer of more than ordinary promise.

Testimony and Demeanor, oddly, bears little or no relationship to *An American Romance*. (Despite the fact that a diverting little episode from the novel—the circumstances involving an "underground" film made at the University of Iowa—is developed at considerable length in "Connaissance des Arts.") Where the novel was sprawling and relentless in its accumulation of details, and in its possibly too-faithful transcribing of the conversations of young intellectuals, the stories are far more conventional in scope as well as style, and their range of characters is severely limited. There are "unusual" and even "colorful" characters here—the mysterious Pavel of the Russian Embassy, who acknowledges himself as a sort of double of the young HEW bureaucrat; the engagingly naive freshman Honorée Hogentogler who slips away from her condescending and rather passionless lover to flower, however briefly, as a topless Mary Magdalene in a student-made film; the sweetly garrulous Charles Pelham, one of the partners of the New York law firm, who undertakes to "instruct" the young lawyer—but none have the strident authenticity of Anya, Mac, Andrew, Henniker, Peewee and others from *An American Romance*. Perhaps because the stories move toward quiet, private epiphanies, their tone is comparatively mild: one is both impressed and saddened by the young heroes' penchant for self-analysis, and their judgments of themselves as mysteriously stunted.

The title story, the least successful of the pieces, deals with a young man's "education" by way of the indefatigable talker Charles Pelham and his friend, an "older woman" named Ann with whom the young man has an affair. (The young man's relentless self-consciousness! After having become the glamorous Ann's lover he thinks: "What still

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interests me most about her is my interest." And again: "The feelings I have for her vary, but at their most intense they are real spurts of admiration that fuse all my other feelings.") The novella is perhaps a little too long, especially in terms of its characters' modest depths, but it is a charming story, far less brutally frank in its delineation of the private lives of young people at the University of Iowa than *An American Romance*.

The Washington story, "Mandarins in a Farther Field," is marred by a curiously stilted, talky, undramatic ending, but its central situation—the meeting, after some years, of a young American and his Russian counterpart who had originally met at an International Students' Festival in Helsinki, both in the pay of their governments as novice spies—is an irresistible one, engagingly presented in the language of a young man who knows himself to be "bright but not too bright." The first story, however, "A More Complete Cross-Section," is a small masterpiece—beautifully written in every line, disturbing without being sensational, a forthright presentation of the experience of a young Harvard BA who goes on active duty in the Army (at Fort Knox, Kentucky), is given the responsibility of acting as platoon guide, and slips into a mild sort of madness from which he is awakened only by a cowardly act of childish brutality on the part of his "men." The young soldier had welcomed his induction into the Army, believing that it would give him a "more complete cross-section of [his] fellow man"—and by the story's end it is his own self, his own soul, that has been exposed. He is made, suddenly, to *be*, and cannot subsequently retreat into the mandarin recesses of his own superiority. After the attack he thinks: "I was entirely present, as though they had thrown a blanket of my own skin over me and pulled it tight all the way to the ground."

Each of the stories contains small gems, and "A More Complete Cross-Section" is so deftly written, so elegantly imagined, that great chunks of it might be excerpted, simply to illustrate Casey's masterly presence. If the judicious sensibility behind these stories could be brought to bear upon subject matter as ambitious as that of *An American Romance*, Casey might well mature into one of our most exciting and important writers.

Joyce Carol Oates

Joyce Carol Oates's most recent book is a story collection, *All the Good People I've Left Behind* (Black Sparrow Press). She is guest editor for *The Best American Short Stories 1979* (Houghton Mifflin).

Christianity and the World Order by Edward Norman

(Oxford; $9.94, $3.95 paper)

The fascination of liberal Western churches with left-wing political movements at home and abroad has produced some theological formulations that are nothing if not original. Those who find the traditional version of the Lord's Prayer tiresome, for example, now can repair to the standard raised by a black Rhodesian minister: "Teach us to demand our share of the gold, Forgive us our docility, As we demand our share of justice." Americans can take pride that our own clergy has not been left behind by this innovative movement. A theologian at the respected Union Theological Seminary in New York summed up his interpretation of the Christian message of brotherly love this way: "The Kingdom of God is a *black* happening. It is black people saying No to Whitey." The head of the World Council of Churches, a predominantly Protestant organization, has no doubt that Stokely Carmichael and Malcolm X—neither a Christian—"have given far more clear and powerful expression to the true meaning of the right hand of God than the churches."

To left-wing Christians, these views represent the logical conclusion of the teachings of our Lord. To those on the outside of the movement, like Edward Norman, a British historian and Anglican priest, they appear confused at best and blasphemous at worst. Thin as it is, *Christianity and the World Order* represents one of the most intelligent critiques of Christian radicalism yet to appear in this country. Its importance can be measured by the decision of *Christianity & Crisis*, the American religious magazine that most thoroughly embodies the theological trends Norman deplores, to reprint large excerpts of the book and to devote most of two subsequent issues to several reviews of it.

Norman is disturbed by the domination of many church bodies, most notably the World Council, by political radicals. This phenomenon has led churches into endorsing all sorts of questionable political movements, most of which have nothing to do with Christianity. It also has caused innumerable churchmen, like those mentioned above, to make themselves look ridiculous. Norman has fun recounting such instances. But his real target is not the particular ideology now in vogue among church elites—he also criticizes conservatives who use religious language to justify their views—but the politicization of Christianity from any direction. "Christianity today is . . . notable for its lack of a distinctly *Christian* attitude toward the world it wishes to see changed," Norman says. "It has increasingly borrowed its political outlook and vocabulary, the issues it regards as most urgently requiring attention, and even its tests of moral virtue, from the progressive thinking of the surrounding secular culture."

Right now the Church is infatuated with the cause of "human rights," itself a product of secular idealism and only the latest ideology to grip the imaginations of well-meaning Christians. Each generation of Christians in this century has found its own ideology, which it has invested with the timeless significance of religious revelation. Latin America, says Norman, provides a dramatic illustration:

> *In the 1930's and 40's, the Church leadership adopted the ideals of the European corporate state [viz., fascism]; in the 1950's they were attracted to 'Developments' social reform; in the 1960's they reflected the radical critique of capitalist society then common with the western intelligentsia; in the 1970's they have moved on to identify Christianity with the ideology of Human Rights.*

Liberal Christians in the West have so

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confused their political views with their religious sentiments that most have forgotten there is a difference between the two. One Anglican bishop identifies the primary Christian virtues as "tolerant attitudes, flexibility, and compassion." These virtues, Norman notes, "are not distinctively Christian virtues, though two of them are arguably classical pagan ones." (This confusion is unusually pervasive in the modern church, but earlier Christians occasionally made similar mistakes. "In 1846," Norman says, "Richard Cobden made a speech to celebrate what he called 'the most important event in history since the coming of Christ.' He was referring to the repeal of the Corn Laws.")

At the root of the errors which have plagued modern Christians is the elevation of the material above the spiritual. Once concerned first with saving men's souls, the church now focuses on promoting political change. Norman rightly contends that this preoccupation departs from an accurate reading of the New Testament, and that it presents profound dangers to the survival of a properly understood Christianity:

> *Christians make a grave mistake in redefining their own moral identity and their own claim to significance in society . . . in terms of an external context dominated by ideologies which have no other end for man in prospect except as part of the material process.*

He argues that modern Christians are in danger of throwing over the crucial elements of their faith:

> *With stark insistence upon the singularity of the life of grace, Jesus called us to a Kingdom which was not of this world; one, nevertheless, which men enter, while still on earth, by being, as he said to Nicodemus—in that most ethereal of images—born again. How far this all seems from the contemporary understanding of Christianity, with its ready endorsement of today's expectations to higher living standards, its consecration of the political moralizing of the secular intelligence, its belief in a real and actual kingdom of righteousness, set up on earth, by armed guerrillas and Marxist intellectuals.*

Having exposed the errors of his brethren, where does Norman leave the reader? Hanging, unfortunately. Does Christianity then have nothing to say about politics? No, says Norman: "This is not to deny that biblical consequences have social consequences; they obviously do." He doesn't mean to discourage political activity, he insists, but only to show the dangers of making a facile association between what is revealed and eternal truth and what is mere earthly wisdom—of pretending, in other words, that the ways of God are nothing more than the ways of men writ large. Still, he offers no advice on what sorts of political beliefs are in some sense compatible with Christianity, and at times he seems to favor a Mennonite-like repudiation of *all* political involvement as irrelevant to the life of faith: "The wise aspirant to eternity will recognize no hope of a better social order in his endeavors, for he knows that the expectations of men are incapable of satisfaction." Norman argues so well about what Christians should avoid that he owes the reader some instruction on what to embrace in its place. But it is a small criticism of this lively, iconoclastic treatise to say that it doesn't answer all the questions it raises.

Stephen Chapman

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Confessions of a Conservative by Garry Wills

(Doubleday; $10)

In *Nixon Agonistes* (1969) Garry Wills argued that Richard Nixon was neither a conservative nor—as he gave every evidence of being—an utterly unprincipled trimmer. Nixon was a liberal, indeed "the last liberal," the liberal who, in the administration that was just beginning as Wills's book came off the presses, would reduce to absurdity classical liberalism's cardinal idea of self-regulating markets—the moral market in selves, the marketplace of ideas, and the free market of the liberal economic theology. Wills's book was more than a biography of Nixon. It was a critique of the social order of which he was the representative man: Nixon was what the strenuous ethos of the self-made man led to—a hollow, lonely success.

Inventing America (1978) extended Wills's quarrel with liberalism back to the charter document of the nation, Jefferson's Declaration of Independence. Before Wills, it had been a convention of political thought that the Declaration was a Lockean manifesto which had loosed the dry winds of individualism over our civilization. Wills challenged this assumption by the radically intelligent method of restoring the Declaration to the "lost world" of the 18th century. What, he asked, did the document mean to Jefferson?

Something very different, apparently, from what generations of Americans had read into it. For one thing, it was a scientific document: to the founders such phrases as "the pursuit of happiness" were verifiable propositions in moral physics. But far more importantly, the political and social ideas in the Declaration were not those of John Locke; they came from the thinkers of the Scottish Enlightenment, the now forgotten makers of the 18th-century climate of opinion. Against Locke, the Scots maintained that man was a social animal and that society was held together by bands of affection and sentiment, not by a rationalistic social contract. This was Wills's main argument. If it was right—and *Inventing America* was a work of formidable erudition—then the roots of our political culture were far more social, more conservative in Wills's sense of the word, than anyone had supposed.

Having demonstrated that Richard Nixon was a liberal, and that our political roots are more communal than individualistic, Garry Wills has now, in *Confessions of a Conservative*, performed an even greater intellectual prodigy: he has made conservatism, that philosophy of corporate apology and personal selfishness whose sole idea seems to be that a dash of nuclear war would be a marvelous tonic for the collective moral fiber—Wills has made conservatism seem humane, compassionate and critical. Even of capitalism.

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Wills's *Confessions* begins with an affectionate memoir of his days in the late 1950s and early 1960s on the *National Review*. He had come straight from six years (17 to 23) at Jesuit Seminary, the ideal preparation for a future colleague of Mr. Buckley's.

Buckley emerges from these pages as charming, loyal, deferential, concerned and sympathetic. Oddly, one would have guessed at only two of these qualities from his writing: the rest must lie hidden under the irony and hard doctrine.

National Review was a jolly place to work in those days. New writers like Joan Didion, John Leonard and Arlene Croce were being brilliant in the cultural section of the magazine, while James Burnham, Willmoore Kendall and Frank Meyer lent a seasoned levity to the whole enterprise. Like Buckley they cultivated spirited eccentricity. They had something else in common, too. "Not only Burnham and Willmoore but Bill and Bill's sister Priscilla had been in the CIA." And here was the trouble, the seed of Wills's future break with the magazine.

Wills wrote his share of anti-communist bombast, but he came to see that there was something terribly wrong with this sort of political absolutism. It wrote well—it was great dialectical fun to play with the Manichean categories of freedom and slavery. But in practice the anti-communist crusade led to abuses of liberty, violations of democratic norms, lying, subversion—the too familiar catalogue of villainy in the name of virtue. Fighting the Communists, we came to adopt their methods. This was the road to Vietnam and the 1960s:

> *The turmoil of the 60's occurred, I was convinced, because the anti-communist crusade had revived in our system, whose whole genius is bargaining and compromise, an absolutism not in accord with our normal politics.*

So Wills slowly drifted away from the magazine (it was no place for a conservative), covering his retreat with 150 articles and reviews between 1957 and 1967. He worked briefly for the *National Catholic Reporter*, before becoming a roving correspondent for *Esquire*. His beat was the 1960s: Jack Ruby, the civil rights movement, the ghetto riots and the rise of Richard Nixon were among the stories he covered, and he has interesting things to say on each of them in this book. The autobiographical passages peter out at about this point. The rest of *Confessions of a Conservative* is political reflection of an uncommonly high order.

II

For Garry Wills the purpose of politics is peace, comity, civil concord. This is the doctrine of his mentor, St. Augustine:

> *Peace, St. Augustine argued, is the precondition of every other social activity. It is the very soul of society. And, for us, peace is the gift of the politicians.*

The politicians bring peace by being mediocre, by muffling potentially divisive issues, and by making those contradictory promises for which we call them liars. Yet,

> *it is unfair to call politicians liars. Most of them cannot tell any longer what the truth is—and therefore they cannot lie. They sacrifice their capacity to distinguish facts from what their egos want the facts to be. They deserve credit, and not scorn, for this self-immolation to the nation's good.*

The observation is superbly exact, but the tone is too blithe. Surely, the temperate reader must be asking, Wills can't be happy with the mediocrity of our politicians?

Yet he is. And what is more disquieting to the liberal sensibility, he is happy with the melancholy fact that our elections are shams. If they were anything else—a contest of issues rather than of increasingly dim personalities—we would be in trouble, because "a people is a gathering of many rational individuals united by accord on loved things held in common" (St. Augustine), and a split over issues of principle might cause the people to forget these common loved things. And that would endanger the first good of politics—peace.

Wills supports his normative view of elections with an historical critique of the theory of critical elections, which holds that elections do in fact decide things. Wills makes a distressingly convincing case that the elections of 1800, 1828, 1860, 1896 and 1932, the so-called critical elections, decided nothing; muddle, moonshine and evasion reigned. In the election of 1860, for example,

> *Lincoln made the most astonishing campaign pledge in the history of our politics. He said that he would not discuss divisive issues until after the election—and he stuck to that pledge!*

Wills makes good specific arguments for his dismal general case on each of these elections. One would nevertheless like to hear the counter-arguments of Walter Dean Burnham, the leading proponent of the critical election theory, before concluding, with Wills, that our elections are just another case of the "way conservative practice has been disguised by liberal theory"—here, the theory of "good elections."

If elections decide nothing, and if politicians must follow—would violate their calling if they led—how does the system change? Elites: the business, bureaucratic and moral elites have brought about the changes in our change-resistant system. So, in the post-Civil War era, for example, the business elite pressured the government to protect the western expansion, and the government obliged them: it sent the cavalry, it backed the railroads, and it took multitudinous other steps that together began the era of state capitalism. So, once elected in 1932, Franklin Roosevelt turned to his brain trust for the direction he was—in liberal theory—supposed to have received from the voters. So in the 1960s, Martin Luther King put nonviolent moral pressure on the system, which changed.

In the world according to Wills, we need our businessmen and bureaucrats for stability as well as for change, but we owe the decencies of our social order to our prophets—the Garrisons, the Mrs. Blatches, the Dr. Kings:

> *They create their audience and compel it. They do not follow or submit to it. They make a claim because it is right, not because it is wanted, even by its putative beneficiaries—normally it is not wanted.*

If politicians depend on us, "We depend on the saints" for the notes of principle and right our system mutes, and does very well to mute.

III

It is hard for criticism to deal with the ideas of Garry Wills since they seem to rise unchallengeably from his descriptions of the way the system works. There are, however, several fundamental issues on which they are vulnerable to criticism from the left. These are:

1. Justice: With St. Augustine, Wills believes that justice is not of the political realm; peace, as we have seen, is the ultimate good of politics. But is it? The Soviet Union has peace; so, after a fashion, did Nazi Germany. We had peace before the Civil War, yet a whole race was in chains, and we have a rough sort of peace today, but blacks still have only three-fifths the income of whites. Peace *is* a boon; only a fool would deny that. But it often comes at an un-

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conscionable moral price.

Moreover, it is hard to distinguish peace—that amity over loved things held in common—from repression, not the jackboot variety, but the false concord created by an uncontested system of cultural hegemony. History is full of examples of societies that accepted as natural and inevitable things which seem unmitigatedly barbarous to us. The sense of injustice, as Barrington Moore has written, begins with the indignant perception that order, legitimacy, peace and the rest of the conservative values are the ideological masks of fraud and violence.

And finally, I think there is an aesthetic argument to be made against peace; certainly modernist culture has brought such an argument with great emotional force. Peace does not, as a political ideal, stir us. Men have fought for liberty; equality and democracy are the clarion ideals of modern politics. But peace? Wills might say that this is precisely the virtue of peace. Men don't die for it—they live thanks to it. True, but the idea still lacks spiritual appeal, and that is a problem for conservatives in an age of redemptive politics when the left has a monopoly on the heavy moral notes.

2. Democracy: Wills is too comfortable with the sedative function of our elections—because of the value he places on peace. To the question who should rule, he answers with Plato, the elites, the best and the brightest: do we want to be ruled by the "worst and the dumbest"?

Wills assumes a correlation between virtue and knowledge or, if that is too strong a way to put it, between capacity and knowledge, that is surprising in a thinker so otherwise detached and skeptical. His old boss knows better. Mr. Buckley has reputedly said that he would rather be governed by the first 200 names in the Boston phone book than by the whole of the Harvard faculty. So would I. It was not the plain people of Boston who got us into Vietnam; they voted twice—in 1964 and 1968—to keep us out. It was the elite sons of Harvard—the Bundys, the Rostows and the Kissingers—who provided the justifications for our Asian misadventure. They make a crushing argument against the correlation of virtue with knowledge.

Change, says Wills, comes from the top down. No doubt some does. But, in their brilliant *Poor People's Movements*, Frances Fox Piven and Richard Cloward argue that the popular insurgencies of the 20th century—notably the sit-down strikes of the 1930s and the welfare agitations of the 1960s—were successful in the degree that they dispensed with the mollifying services of elites. Nor were elites crucial in the etiology of these movements. The long-term workings of history were far more important—the migration from the country to the city, for example. This argument is not meant to be conclusive. It is meant to suggest that the people have neither been so morally sluggish nor so incapable of leadership as Wills seems to think.

3. Capitalism: Wills is at his most humane here. His first book was a study of Chesterton, and at heart he has remained a Chestertonian "distributist"—that is, one who believes that property should be distributed more equally to offset "the centralization of power in state capitalism." Wills fears the revolutionary momentum of capitalism, for it menaces the conservative values that keep us together—strains the accord over the loved things held in common that make us a people.

Wills's views on capitalism are not so different from those of the democratic socialists around *Dissent*. And ironically their democratic socialist measures may be the best means of protecting the conservative values he holds dear. For after all the emphasis is on the loved things we hold *in common*, and the essence of the democratic socialist program is the creation of common institutions as a counterweight to the institutions that serve as bulwarks of privilege and exclusion.

Where Wills and the socialists differ is on the question of class. The socialists recognize that capitalism creates inequalities of life-chances along class lines, and they propose to moderate these inequalities. Wills is chary of the idea of class because it is in tension with his commitment to the idea of social unity. I think the *Dissent* socialists have the correct analysis, but Wills may be using the correct accents for American reform.

For the rhetoric of class makes us uncomfortable. It seems to deny, as the reality of class does deny, our democratic hopes. Those hopes are not easily abandoned. The socialists have therefore to make their way against the mythology of democracy, a hard road.

Wills reaches the same destination as the socialists—more equality—but by a conservative route. He favors preferential hiring for blacks, for example, on the grounds that we share a collective responsibility for the great wrong committed by our forefathers; this is what it means to believe in the moral sanction of the past, which is to say, this is what it means to be a conservative. Rather than using the alien European rhetoric of class, Wills's reforming conservatism appeals to the experiences, memories, sentiments and values that make us American. It is a *national* accent of reform; it excludes no one. There is in Wills none of the left-wing snobbery toward businessmen, none of the right-wing contempt for bureaucrats. There is instead a catholic vision of the social organism as a moral whole. It is a vision of society as a brotherhood where affections lighten duties and sentiments of fraternity soften the assertion of rights. I am uneasy with this "ethic of deferrals" (the poor are fools to defer), but when I compare it to the vengeful utopias of the non-democratic left, I find it a luminous regulative idea.

Garry Wills is a thinker of the first rank. He combines the vigor of the social critic with the depth of the historian, and to these he adds the even rarer gifts of the philosopher—to see life whole, to articulate the unseen and the abiding, to look at the roots of things and find them good.

Jack Beatty

Correspondence, *from page 7*

those who honestly protest nuclear power, fearing accidents worse than Harrisburg and the deadly, long-lived wastes produced by successful reactors.

When his bile settles down, will you please have Mr. Osborne kindly inform your readers (1) exactly how he defines "crums," (2) specifically who they are—by name, please, and (3) just what these people said or did to deserve this label and his disfavor. With Mr. Osborne's normal emphasis on details, this information should be readily at hand.

Bruce Kennedy
Sacramento, California

Map lover

To the editors:
Thanks for the maps.

An avid map reader,
David C. Keller
Greensboro, North Carolina

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An Exchange on 'Orientalism'

To the editors:

Since Leon Wieseltier's five-page review of my book *Orientalism* (*TNR*, April 7) begins by assailing my scholarship and concludes by insinuating that I may favor the smuggling of bombs into Israeli pickle barrels, some of your readers may have concluded that no ordinary critical enterprise was under way. Wieseltier's effort at demolition ascends from the particular to the general: from my views of Dante to the culminating observation that the Palestinians "cannot represent themselves." Sadly, the least surprising aspect of this diatribe is that it should have appeared in the pages of the *New Republic*. Some points then:

He mentions what I say about Dante's portrait of Mohammed in the *Inferno*, and then asks irrelevantly whether Christians would fare any better in a 13th-century Arab work (no doubt forgetting that the *Divine Comedy* was written in the 14th century). What hasn't occurred to Wieseltier is that Mohammed isn't just another Muslim (Dante portrays him as being skewered through the anus) but the Prophet; a roughly equivalent insult would be a similar punishment of John the Baptist in a Jewish work. There are no portraits of Christians in any 13th- or 14th-century Arab work to match what Dante does to Mohammed.

He then misstates what I say about the correlation between learning and "capitalist" France and England (the word "capitalism" doesn't even appear in my book), and goes on to affirm that Orientalism's "greatest strides" were made in the Netherlands, Austria and Germany, countries that had no part "in the occupation of Arabia." Note that I had spoken of the relation between *Europe* and *Islam*. The Netherlands had a large Muslim empire, the other two wanted one. And then one could argue that later Orientalism made even "greater strides" in Italy or Russia. Second, the list of authorities that he quotes—all of whom he gets from my book anyway—did their work from the middle to the end of the 19th century: every one of them was a student, or a student of a student, of Sacy in Paris at the beginning of the century, and that is the point—that before Austro-German scholarship amounted to anything, Britain and France provided later scholars with the first textual materials, making subsequent Orientalism possible.

There follows a whole series of silly comments about professional competence and intellectual responsibility in which Wieseltier maintains that those virtues safeguard the truth, by showing where the evidence stops and interpretation begins. The fact is that learned Orientalists *were* competent and, so far as their discipline was concerned, intellectually responsible: nothing in what Renan says about the Semites was "wrong" or even villainous by the standards of Orientalist science in 1850 or in 1979.

About the question of whether I consider Islam to be perfect, it is perfectly evident that Wieseltier's impetuous rancor prevented him from noticing that I have nothing to say about Islam as such. My concern is with what was said about Islam in the West (which always tried to prove that Islam was inferior), not with anything so inane as whether a religion "is perfect." What does it mean to say that Islam is perfect, or that it is less good than Christianity? Those ranting games were and are the Orientalists's obsessions, and they are idiotic, not because Islam is perfect but because the procedure is neither scientific nor meaningful, and because in asking such questions "Islam" becomes either an abstraction or an ideological fiction. How intellectually corrupt Wieseltier is: wouldn't he be attacking "anti-Semitic" scholarship if any of the garbage written about Islam's "inferiority" were said about Judaism (as indeed it was by Renan)? Writing is never "free" but that is quite another thing from saying that it is "exhaustively determined." Having played havoc with a fairly simple idea, Wieseltier goes on to assert that I don't believe in "free inquiry," another one of those demagogic phrases like "professional competence" he uses to legitimize himself as an "objective" critic.

Wieseltier is not even capable of reading correctly the material he brings in—at third hand—to refute me. He mentions my attack on Bernard Lewis's etymology of the word *thawra*, Arabic for "revolution," in which I take Lewis to task for trying to "prove" that even the notion of revolution is inimical to Muslims and Arabs because they prefer tyranny (Iran of course proving Lewis wrong even more conclusively). Wieseltier immediately allows his wholesome pomposity on behalf of Lewis to betray him. First of all, he misses the scurrility of the argument that Lewis furnishes by way of etymology, connecting etymology directly with truth, as if, were you to trace something to its "roots," you were defining a word completely. However, context and common idiomatic use—which is what Lewis willfully excludes in his specious etymology—obviously matter a great deal more than some alleged eighth-century root of a modern word. But it is in his subsequent remarks about Jacques Berque that Wieseltier makes a fool of himself. He espies a reference to Berque in my book, proceeds to an English translation, then checks the index for *thawra*. Finding the correct page he then concentrates on a footnote, which he misreads, even as he also ignores what Berque says about *thawra* in the text itself. Berque's note says that a Syrian existentialist, Muta' al-Safadi, lays great stress on what the word *suggests*, "an effervescence"; according to Berque's text, however, *thawra* is a *neologism* (no etymologies there for Lewis or Wieseltier), and has replaced the word *nahda*, used by a previous generation of thinkers to signify "raising up," or the resurrection of modern Arabic culture after the quiescence of the Ottoman years. ("Adab al Nahda" or "literature of the renaissance" is the designation for early 20th-century Arabic literature.) But all this is brushed aside by Wieseltier, who is too busy attending to ideology and professional competence to worry about language or what people say.

The remaining two-thirds of Wieseltier's piece is an essentially defamatory attack on me as a Palestinian, something he evidently finds abhorrent. Though your readers would have no way of knowing this from his review, the Palestinian question is in fact not the subject of my book. Thus Wieseltier's ascriptions of motive and conclusion stem solely from his own imagination. Two of his allegations are sufficiently squalid to merit attention here. Because I don't say anything about the Soviet Union and because I attack Western imperialism, Wieseltier triumphantly announces that I have made a concrete political choice: a "coy" preference for the Soviet Union. This is red-baiting, à la McCarthy and Cohn, and only that. Then Wieseltier further alleges that I may advocate "smuggling bombs into Israeli pickle barrels": more dutiful slander. Would he have me conclude from his disparaging remark that the Palestinians do not have "a Begin" that he favors the bombing of the King David Hotel and the murder of 250 Arab peasants in Deir Yassin?

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As a Palestinian who finds it difficult to understand what Wieseltier means when he says that Palestinians have legitimate rights that have nothing to do with Zionism, I affirm my willingness to live in peace alongside Israel. Will Wieseltier the Zionist say the same thing, that he unreservedly advocates Israeli withdrawal from the West Bank and Gaza, the end of Israeli settlements there, and a Palestinian state alongside Israel? I would prefer to hear him on these questions, rather than endure his inchoate ravings against Palestinians. Wieseltier presumed to find something "morally pusillanimous" about the fact that my book was published "in the current political climate." His review advances from meretricious academic criticism to claims that I am perhaps an advocate of terrorism, a supporter of Soviet imperialism, and that Palestinians must remain for a season under that "tutelage" which he so affectingly invokes. Did not you or any of your colleagues find anything "morally pusillanimous" about his protracted and venemous enterprise?

Edward W. Said
Department of English
and Comparative Literature
Columbia University
New York, New York

To the editors:

And I would like to hear Edward Said on the manner in which writing is never free but not always determined. What sort of a commitment to unprejudiced intellectual activity informs a book that systematically refines scholars and writers into somnabulistic spokesmen for ideology and culture? "A fairly simple idea" it is.

As to his other expostulations: Mohammed is surely mocked by Dante, but not exactly for being Muslim, or the Prophet, and no more cruelly than the Lombard priest, Roman tribune, Ghibelline zealot, and troubador soldier consigned to the same *bolgia*. All are guilty of schism, and all suffer eternally cleft or severed limbs. Of course Edward Said knows this; but only by lifting Mohammed from the text, and his tortures from the particular punitive symbolism of the canto, can he make Dante into a simple Orientalist. And who are the 13th- or 14th-century Arab writers, however enlightened, for whom Islam's rivals are not inferior?

In any event I fail still to see what Dante has to do with Cromer. (Just as I demur when historians adduce the Lateran Councils to help account for the Nuremberg Laws.)

Said's book speaks sometimes of "the relation between *Europe* and *Islam*"; most often it speaks of the relation between Europe and the Orient, between Europeans and Arabs. I asserted that Dutch scholars broke new ground in the study of Arabs, but that the Dutch ruled none. Both facts are correct.

I would attack anti-Semitic scholarship. But I would not attack scholarship. And I would not conclude that only Jews or Zionists or supporters of Israel can make sense of Jewish experience.

Iran will prove that Muslims do not "prefer tyranny" when the komitehs are out of business and Bazargan governs without orders from Qum.

The book by Jacques Berque cited in *Orientalism* is not the book in which Berque refers to Muta' al-Safadi on *thawra*, and the book in which Berque refers to Muta' al-Safadi on *thawra* is not the book to which I referred. I had in mind rather Berque's study of the Arab culture, which appeared in 1974, and part of which was published in the same year. There, the hair rises etymologically as I reported.

Said is dishonest when he disclaims a political "motive and conclusion" to his book. Pages 27 and 204, for example: "The nexus of knowledge and power creating 'the Oriental' and in a sense obliterating him as a human being is . . . not for me an exclusively academic matter. . . . My own experience of these matters is in part what made me write this book. The life of an Arab Palestinian in the West, particularly in America, is disheartening. There exists here an almost unanimous consensus that politically he does not exist. . . . Certainly there have been identifications on some level, but they have never taken an 'acceptable' form as has liberal American identification with Zionism. . . . Orientalism is fundamentally a political doctrine."

My impression of Said's position on the Soviet Union was formed in part from his other writings on the Middle East, which include an approving discussion of the Palestine Communist party; I should have said so. The indignant invocation of McCarthy is a worn trick. Nobody is waiting to lock Said up if I am right.

From my remark "that the Palestinians do not have 'a Begin'" I would have Said conclude that the Palestinians lack a leader who, having once condoned abominations such as Deir Yassin, now stills his ideological passions and struggles over formulas for peace.

I advocate Israeli withdrawal from the West Bank and Gaza because of the moral and political damage being done the occupier and the occupied. I advocate the end of Israeli settlements because they poison Israel's relations with Palestinians, because they are a security nuisance, and because they represent a religious jingoism that I detest. I advocate a Palestinian state alongside Israel because I believe that partition is still the only sensible solution. All this I advocate as a Zionist, but not all of it "unreservedly." I am not completely convinced that those Palestinians who desire a state alongside Israel desire only that. (Abu Iyad's recent conversations with Eric Rouleau, for example, have been much heralded for his espousal of such a "mini-state"; and yet Abu Iyad goes on to announce that the attainment of such a state cannot mean the abandonment of "the dream" of a single, secular, democratic state in Palestine.) I can expect no responsible Israeli leader to offer a state to an organization that refuses to recognize Resolution 242 and dispatches murderers on dinghys to Nahariya. And I have not seen or heard a single Palestinian scenario for statehood that realistically reckons with Israel's security needs. Does the Palestinian national honor require that Israelis live dangerously?

Said affirms his willingness to live in peace alongside Israel. I am pleased to have provoked such an avowal. But is this what Said counsels the Palestinian leadership? Is it for moderation, and an end to terror, that he pleads in the Palestinian press, or in the *New York Times*? And is it peace he aims to serve with his foul caricatures of Zionism, with his hectoring about "Israeli hegemony over the Near East" and "the Arab Gulag Archipelago"? No doubt Said expects Begin's Jewish critics to speak up and they have. He should do the same. Elias Tuma has.

Leon Wieseltier
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Coming:

Leon Edel on

The Nabokov-Wilson Letters.

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Washington Diarist

Pass the Salt

Meg Greenfield, the new editorial page editor of the *Washington Post*, writes: "Just about every dinner party conversation I've heard that turns to Jimmy Carter's chance of winning the big one—SALT—ends the same way." Never mind how it ends, the real horror is how it begins. Can't Meg Greenfield find herself some friends who don't keep bringing up the strategic arms limitation treaty at dinner parties? In Washington, unfortunately, this is what passes for scintillating conversation. If Buñuel made a movie about life among the Washington elite, it might concern the saga of someone like Meg Greenfield, dragging herself from dinner party to dinner party, struggling to keep awake as the conversation turns inexorably toward the SALT talks. Ms. Greenfield asks if the hostess has seen the Calder exhibit at the Hirshhorn; she replies that the loss of our listening posts in Iran will make verification impossible until late in 1981. Meg exclaims to the besotted senator on her left that hamburger is more than $1.60 a pound these days at the Safeway; he mumbles that once the Soviets MIRV their ICBMs, they will have a first-strike capability against our land-based missiles. Slipping from consciousness, she overhears a friend's husband telling another woman, "My wife doesn't understand the implications of oil decontrol for Howard Baker's decision on whether to support the treaty." Perhaps it is important whether Howard Baker supports the SALT treaty—but not while I'm eating.

It's already the middle of May, resort datelines have started blossoming in the nation's garden of syndicated columnists, and yet where is the May/June issue of my second-favorite magazine, the *National Notary*? In these turbulent days for the magazine world, one can't suppress a gnawing fear: Has it been taken over by Clay Felker? Will it reappear as a weekly, redesigned by Milton Glaser, with features on notarial fashions and the 10 best notarization seals instead of serious discussion of the (often overlooked) notary's role in matters of public controversy? Now that Felker has been exorcised from *Esquire*, no loyal subscriber of any magazine can sleep soundly until he has come to roost somewhere else. Please, Mr. Felker, take *Commentary* if you must, but spare the *National Notary*, with its unique perspective on pressing world issues.

Perhaps some New Republic reader can help resolve a dilemma that is new to me, but must be familiar to many bourgeois liberal intellectuals. Should I hire someone to clean my apartment? On the one hand, coming home to a clean apartment would provide more satisfaction per dollar than many other expenditures my life as a bourgeois liberal in Washington imposes on me—such as seven dollars for an overdone hamburger and limp fries in various downtown "let's have lunch" spots. Adam Smith explained how the division of labor brings efficiency and prosperity: if I concentrate on my specialty, which is putting out articles arguing for a more egalitarian society, and some other specialist concentrates on cleaning my toilet, we both end up with cleaner toilets and better magazine articles. Free Marketeers will point out that no one is forced to clean up my mess for me. Anybody who agrees to do so must want the money. Of course unjust social arrangements *do* force people into domestic service; but my refusal to participate in such traffic does nothing to change this, while it does deny $30 to somebody who probably needs it. On the other hand, if I'm feeling so flush, why don't I just give $30 to some tired domestic, and not ask her to scour my oven as part of the bargain? Do I really want to invite some of the most uncomfortable anomalies of capitalism into my own home? Unlike many late-blooming capitalists I went to college with, I never claimed to be a socialist. But even so, is a tidier apartment worth the symbolic loss of political innocence? Furthermore, it must be good for an etiolated word shuffler like me to get an occasional small taste of what real toil is like. And of course it can't hurt me, as a man, to experience what was, until very recently, exclusively women's work. These ruminations occurred while I was scrubbing the kitchen floor—parsimony having triumphed over mere theoretical considerations. But in only six to eight months the same predicament will arise again.

Anyway, good help is hard to find. A more sophisticated version of this cliché is a keystone of the neoconservative creed. It holds that despite high unemployment rates, there are plenty of available jobs which go begging because of sloth, excessive pickiness and overgenerous welfare arrangements. As it happens I was skimming the want ads in a recent *New York Times*, and came across dramatic proof of this thesis. The ad began:

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and concluded with the information that "the Rockefeller Foundation is an Equal Opportunity Employer." Doesn't it burn you up to think of all those ghetto teenagers sitting around and living off food stamps, when by just picking up the phone they could be hired as president of the Rockefeller Foundation? All right, it's not an ideal job. Supplicants coming up to you at cocktail parties and asking for money. Long hours spent sitting on boards of trustees, honorary commissions and advisory councils composed of some of the world's most boring people (such as the master boardsman who is chairman of this very search committee, the Reverend Theodore M. Hesburgh, CSC). The ad says the function of the job is "to promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world." No doubt this can get tedious hour after hour, day after day. But there was a time when Americans valued the dignity of having a job enough to put up with inconveniences such as long hours stooping under the hot sun or sitting in dull board meetings.

What? The end of another issue of *TNR* and still no condemnation of nuclear power? About 100,000 people marched through Washington last Sunday (May 6) to express their view that all nuclear power plants should be shut down. The crowd probably included a few *New Republic* readers who, judging from the mail, are irritated that we have not joined the crusade. We aren't pro-nuke either. We're undecided, and I can't help wondering how these 100,000 people came to feel so strongly. Unlike the civil rights and Vietnam protest movements, there is no obvious class or race motive to explain the behavior the protestors find objectionable. It is not as if nuclear power hurts some powerless group and helps the powerful (as hard as anti-nuclear campaigners try to make their issue fit this comforting model). Most of the risks and the benefits—however they balance out—are shared by the general population. (This is *not* true, I might point out, of coal mining.) Nuclear power is, at worst, an example of corporate stupidity and government ineptitude—likely enough, but nothing that gets my sense of sin twitching. Do people ever write letters to the editor saying that they feel equivocal? I wish someone would.

M.E.K.

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